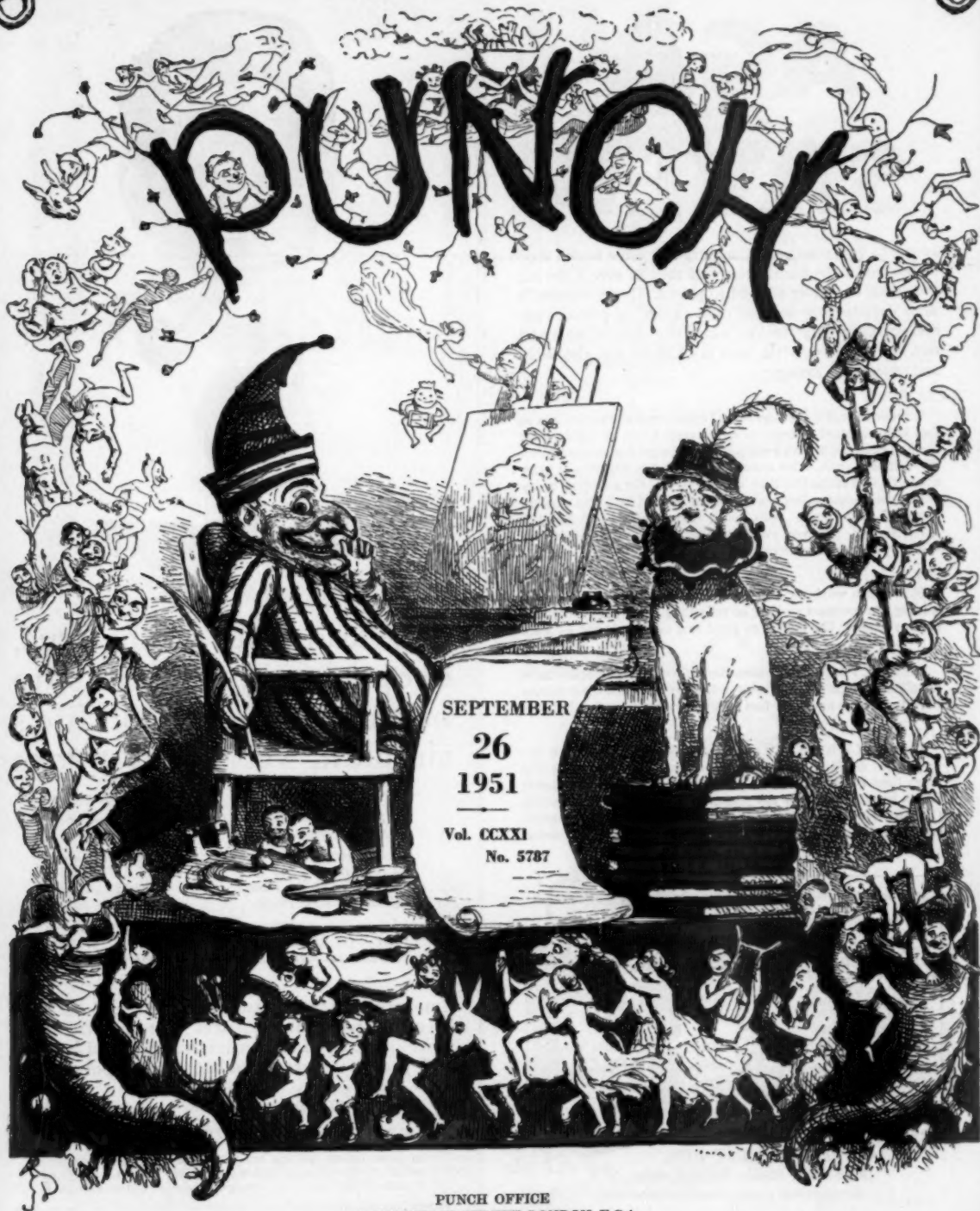


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 1951

6^d

SEPTEMBER

26
1951Vol. CCXXI
No. 5787PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

SAVES

IN THE DAYS BEFORE BANKS, country folk often buried their money under the hearthstone, and then lit over it the log fire which was never allowed to go out. Thrifty couples in these days keep up this old rural custom by putting their savings into an Aga cooker, which also stays in night and day. Here are some of the ways in which the Aga gives solid and appreciable savings:

On Cash:

So economical is the Aga in fuel consumption that savings in fuel bills eventually cover its initial cost. Look at it this way: the Aga Model CB has a *guaranteed* maximum fuel consumption of $3\frac{1}{4}$ tons a year. With coke at £5.3.2 a ton this means your quarter's fuel bill is less than £4.11.0 — i.e., for a shilling a day you have constant hot water and a perfect cooking service. Compare this figure with your current fuel budget. The difference will give you your monthly saving. And the answer will set you thinking seriously.

On Work:

How much work the Aga saves! No fire lighting, no black-leading, no constant stoking or refuelling, no greasy fumes, no soot or smoke. The Aga is as good as a servant in the kitchen.

On Capital:

Since 1929 tens of thousands of far-sighted couples have installed the Aga as an investment. They have got their money back long since and their fuel savings are now tax-free income.

On Income:

The Aga CB is the only cooker and water heater which can be bought on Hire Purchase over a period of as long as five years (and is the only cooker and water heater on the market which is guaranteed for ten years). For as little as £2 a month (say 10/- a week or 1/6 a day) you can enjoy the most efficient cooker and an absolutely certain, trouble-free supply of hot water.

WE are going to be short of fuel, be it solid fuel, electricity or gas. But official opinion favours solid fuel for water heating and space heating.

The AGA CB with its single fire, cooks your meals, heats your water and warms your kitchen.

Aga owners may apply to their local Fuel Overseer for additional fuel to keep their Aga going.



Send today for details of all Aga models, address your letter to:—

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(PROPRIETORS: ALLIED IRONFOUNDERS LTD.)



Barneys

the Ideal Tobacco

may lead you to the true, deep, lasting friendship of the pipe,—one of life's simplest, yet greatest joys

Gillingham, Kent.

"I feel I must write you a few lines in appreciation of Barneys Tobacco.

"I have been trying to smoke a pipe for years, but after a few days have had to give in. Then I had the good fortune to strike Barneys. It is splendid, and the flavour is much better.

"I have already recommended it to two of my friends—both pipe smokers of long standing—who are as enthusiastic about it as I am."

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings. Week by week, from places near and far, they write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

All original letters can be inspected.

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full), 4/5 the oz. each
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A. Wander Ltd. By Appointment
'Ovaltine' Manufacturers to H.M. The King

Why Ovaltine Excels in Quality & Value

DELICIOUS 'Ovaltine' provides health-giving nourishment of the highest quality at the lowest possible price. A small tin of 'Ovaltine' costing 1/6d., makes as many as 24 cupfuls! That is real economy, by any comparison.

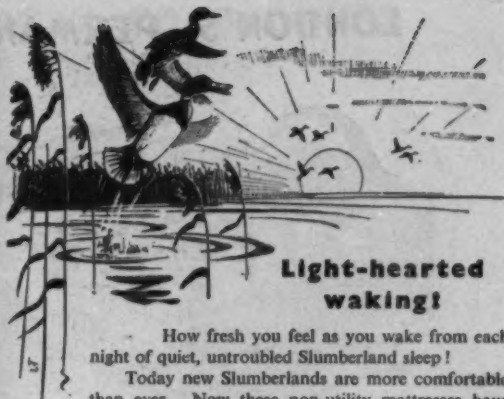
Remember . . . 'Ovaltine' is different from all other food beverages. The differences concern the selection and proportions of its constituents, and the steps taken in the interests of quality. The 'Ovaltine' Farms were established to set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. The use of eggs in 'Ovaltine' is important, and so is its vitamin content.

It is for these reasons that 'Ovaltine' is the world's most popular food beverage. For helping to ensure fitness and energy all day, and refreshing sleep all night, there is only one 'Ovaltine'.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.



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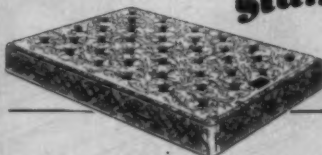
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How fresh you feel as you wake from each night of quiet, untroubled Slumberland sleep!

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For the REST of your life.
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luxury lies in the construction
of the interior springing
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been looking, where you are able to
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interior Bedding and Divans by the
leading makers.

Make a personal visit, or you may
confidently order by mail these famous
branded makes of bedding. When writing,
please give the fullest details of your
requirements, stating the quality and
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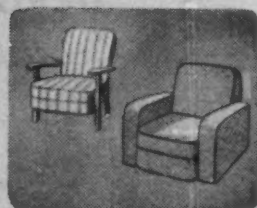
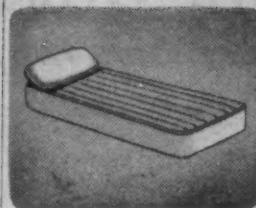
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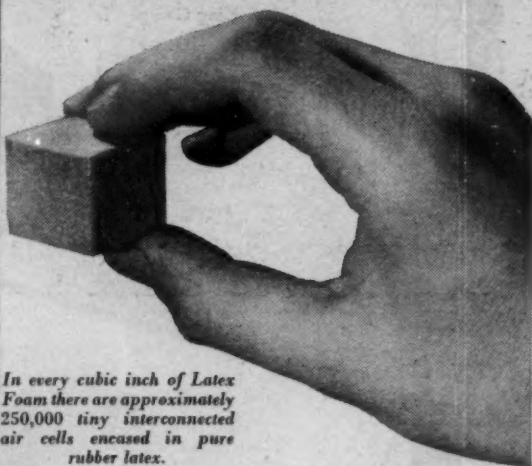
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Information gladly supplied on application to The Director,
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air cells encased in pure
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The fact that these cells are interconnected enables the Latex Foam to 'breathe.' With every movement of the body the cells contract and expand, keeping the mattress, pillows or upholstery air-conditioned, hygienic and dustless.

And the rubber latex which encases the air cells gives to the material that resilience which ensures great durability, true economy and a life-time of satisfaction.

For further information write for the brochure
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*Will you
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First step! See that your kiddy's cot has

Soft, fleecy, luxuriously cosy

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all wool

WITNEY BLANKETS

Both baby and you will love these Earlywarm Baby Blankets for their lightness and softness, their cosy luxury, their 'warmth without weight'. Earlywarm blankets have been made since the days of Charles II in the heart of Oxfordshire. They're wool—all wool—and are of a quality achieved only by 280 years' experience of blanket weaving.

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the days of Charles II*

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your bedding!*



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★**CURLED HAIR** is a natural material which ensures hygiene, comfort and economy to a degree which no manufactured upholstery filling can match. It retains body heat but allows humidity to escape by perfect self-ventilation, is 'non-moss' and absorbent; does not crumble, break-up or lose its resilience and springiness in years of use and is non-inflammable. It can be re-sterilized whenever necessary. There is no other filling, however expensive, which can qualify in all these tests.



Insist on CURLED HAIR for health and hygiene

CV8-37



Did you feel fit and fresh

...first thing this morning

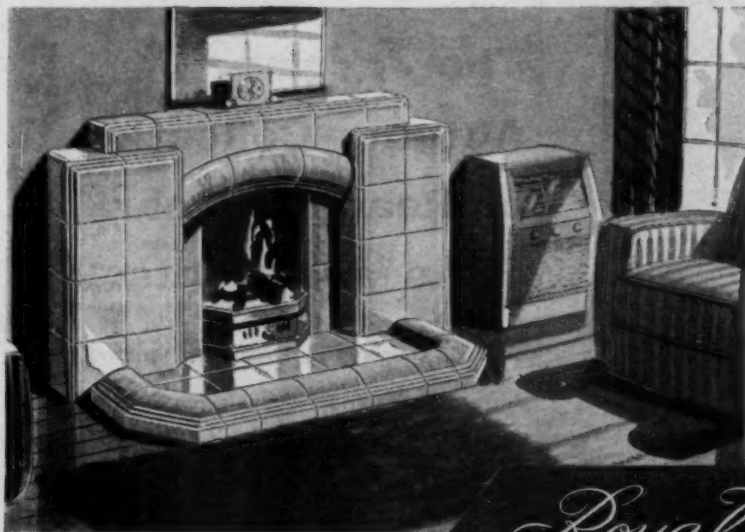
In other words, did you spend the night on a "RELYON"? To replace the energy expended during the day, you need to relax completely at night, and the following



morning you will awaken, not only feeling fit and fresh, but looking it too. A "RELYON" makes all the difference — it means a night of not merely "sleep", but of complete and utter relaxation.

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HOW TRULY WE SPEAK when we say we are tied; tied by the strings of circumstances we cannot control! Duties and tasks, our home, our work, our children, even the obligations we love and would not evade—all these pull us this way and that.

No wonder if at times we find that energy flags, that small tasks need great effort, and nervous tension spoils our sleep.

At such times Milo can be a great help and benefit. In a precisely balanced formula it supplements the intake of those nutritive elements which are now known to be most beneficial in sustaining nervous and physical well-being! Milo is very easily digested, it makes a most delicious drink and, taken regularly for a few weeks, it can do you nothing but good.



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MILO

Cup of Health

with the benefit of calcium, phosphates,
glycerophosphates and vitamin concentrates

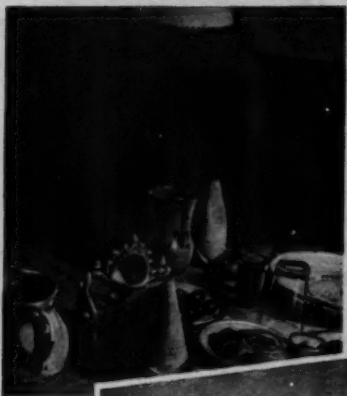
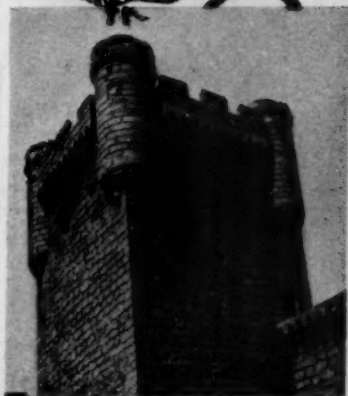
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For information apply to your Travel Agent or to

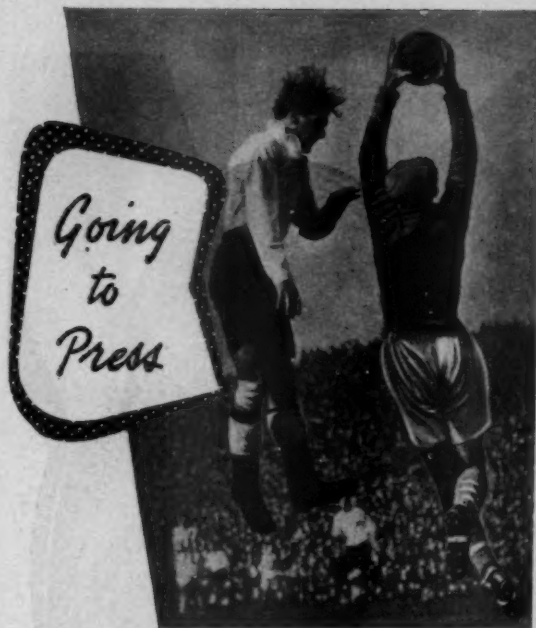
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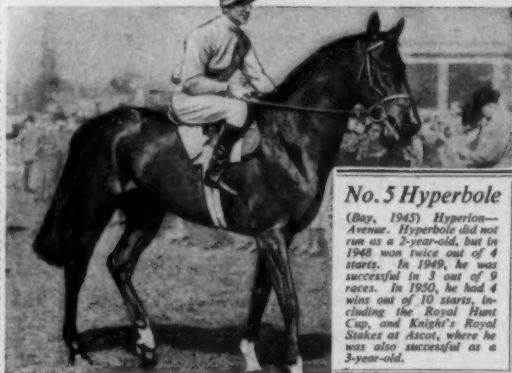
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(Bay, 1945) Hyperion—Avenue. Hyperbole did not run as a 2-year-old, but in 1946 won twice out of 4 starts. In 1949, he was successful in 3 out of 9 races. In 1950, he had 4 wins out of 10 starts, including the Royal Hunt Cup, and Knight's Royal Stakes at Ascot, where he was also successful as a 3-year-old.

HYPERBOLE is a horse of beautiful quality, tall rather than lengthy, with a head expressive of intelligence and courage. Long quarters and good shoulders give evidence of his speed and fine stride. His proportions proclaim the miler, this being borne out by his three wins at 7 furlongs, two at 7½ furlongs and four at a mile. Hyperbole remained in training in 1951.

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"No Name"
Tobacco.

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

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occasions...or
whenever you
want to
make friends
with yourself*

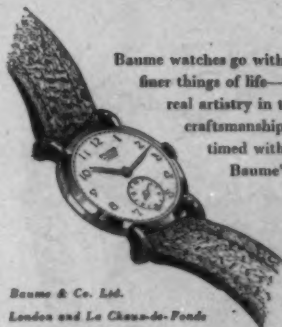


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THE
GOOD WATCH

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Does your overcoat last?

An overcoat is not a thing to buy once a year; it should go on and on. With this in mind, we offer you only good overcoats. Our prices are, at the moment, good too—because we bought ahead of the rise in wool. From travelling Ulsters in Crombie Fleece to lighter town overcoats, they are made to last



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Naval Outfitters to
H.M. The King
ESTABLISHED 1785

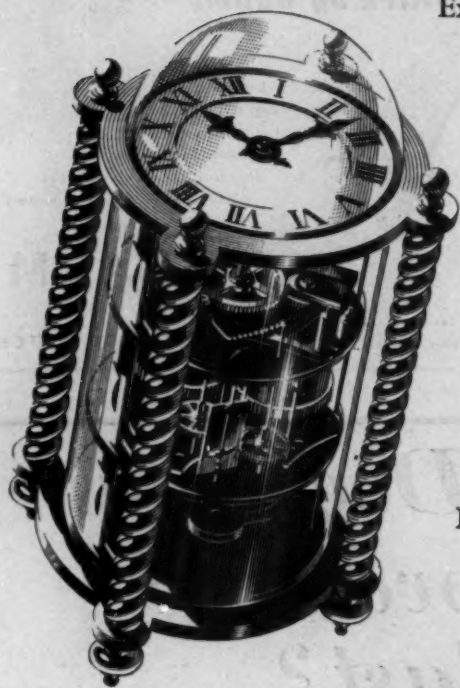
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there's always time for

NESCAFÉ

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour



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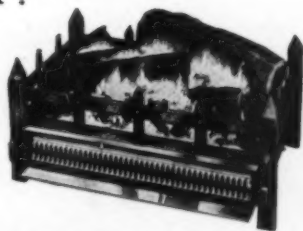
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was just **SWITCHED ON** !

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Oriental Hotel
HONG KONG

Dearest Mary,

Wish you were here, my sweet—soaking up the sunshine with me. Finished the job sooner than expected so now I'm taking a couple of days' rest. Rode the funicular to the Peak this morning—swimming at Repulse Bay this afternoon! It's an extraordinary feeling being the other side of the world three days after packing in Chelsea. Wonderful flight on top of the clouds—smooth as silk. Fed (and drank!) like a lord on the plane. After the B.O.A.C. people have whisked me to our Cairo office, down to Jo burg and home, I'll know a bit of geography! What about a flying trip for the two of us on our next holiday?

All my love Bob

P.S.—Did I leave my blue silk tie in the top left drawer?

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"Mamselle—so French—such
elegance—craves not her
native wine—in England

now, she's made a vow—

it's **IDRIS**
every time!



TRY IT YOURSELF and taste the difference . . .

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We at Hoover Limited derive satisfaction from the knowledge that our electric cleaners are doing so much to relieve unnecessary domestic drudgery; and we are proud that their average retail price, ex-

clusive of purchase tax, is only 30% higher than before the war, despite the fact that both quality and design have been improved. We are equally proud of our popularly-priced electric washing machine.

We look forward to the day when, with purchase tax abolished and free supplies of raw materials available, we shall be able to maintain maximum production of both cleaners and washing machines. It is our aim to supply these essential pieces of equipment to all housewives in all sections of the community at the lowest possible prices.

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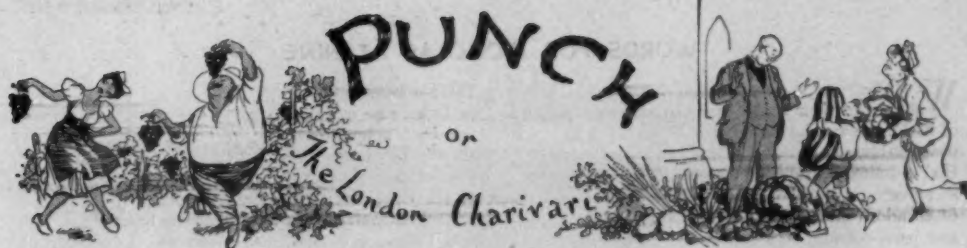
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this famous blend, it
is in greater demand
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DISTINCTIVE
TEA

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CHARIVARIA

General Ridgway has proposed the reopening of peace talks in Korea. May we suggest that referee Ruby Goldstein be appointed to his delegation?



"But one has only to look immediately across the river at the monstrous mountain of stone which is being raised in Whitehall Gardens to see an awful warning of what Government officers can, and usually do, look like."

"Daily Telegraph"

Mr. Henry Moore speaking?

A Kentish farmer complains that a one-legged man was sent to him in reply to his request for apple-pickers. He should, of course, have gone hopping.

"Young man wishes to Train as dental mech.; willing to serve indentures."

Advt. in Wolverhampton paper

Let's not try to be funny.



A shipment of five thousand electric fans intended for Persia was at the last moment diverted as a result of the Government's embargo. So some other way must be found of clearing the air.

At their half-yearly meeting a South London women's institute decided to ban whist drives in future because of recurring disputes among the players last winter. It appears that matters were actually reaching the point when there was a serious danger of hand to hand fighting.

Good Old Monty!

".... His record of service stated that he was an 'efficient sergeant,' and his conduct was described as 'exemplary.' He had received a certificate of commendation from Field-Marshal and hard-working quartermaster Montgomery."

"Halifax Weekly Courier"

And so, having hung about all this time waiting for an opportunity to do our duty as electors, we are now quite suddenly to be bullied, on all sides and by all concerned, to Vote Early.



WORDS FOR NICHOLAS AT NINE

WORDS

shake out their wings, and soar and sing like birds
of flashing, gleaming feathers—
peacock-blues,
Red Admiral scarlets,
shimmering, silk-robe greens
fit to adorn Jade Button Mandarins;
and jewel-colours,
turquoises, topazes,
and milk-blanced moonstones, Nicholas,
all the hues
th' imprisoning rainbow holds—
words, words, words, words
O bright!
Lovely to say and sing, and beautiful to write.

There's Palimpsest—
a grand word old and stately,
to do with History, and Manor Lands,
and great possessions men once valued greatly.
There's Ortolan—which is itself a bird—
and Chivalry, a noble-sounding word
by which, one day, Nicholas, you will be spurred
as knights were, when men's faith in words was strong.
There's Parasang—
a word to shout to stars,
and when you understand its meaning, too
as thrilling as the note of a great bronze gong.

There's Burgundy
(a Duke, also a wine
and both magnificent),
there's Damascened—
a word that goes back, Nicholas, to the line
of the Crusaders; Crusaders, Nicholas,
a word as well-rubbed as an ancient brass
in a Cathedral (which is Norman, too,
like the Crusaders). Old words shine mint-new

as Basilisk does if you but learn to seek
whether they come—as that one does—from Greek
or Latin (like Regency), or were fetched away
with silks and ginger in a bygone day
from the far borders of remote Cathay,
or brought with looted Ingots from the Main,
exchanged for English words by way of Spain.

There's Roc
(a word that has a hard, fierce beak)
and Nightshade
(that's a dreamlike, deadly flower);
Nicholas, I could repeat words by the hour
as you do, when you fall in love with them:
oh, even the commonest of them is a gem,
like Dust, from which both you and I, Nick, spring.
One day, when you grow up, you'll understand
our lovely English words, and make them sing.

R. C. SCRIVEN

AT A FAIRLY SOLEMN MUSICK

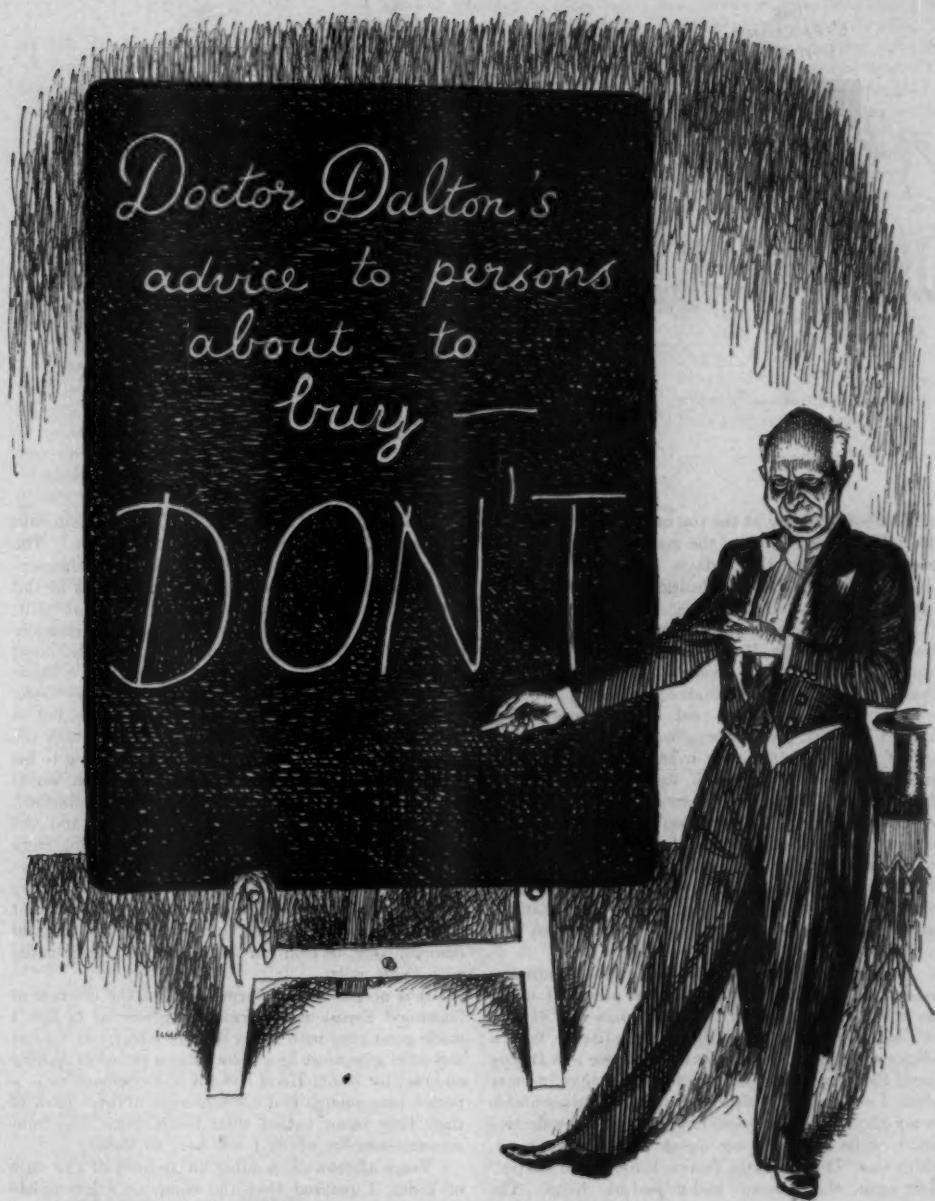
ONLY once in the course of a musical career which, imposed by tyranny and sustained by corrupt practices, endured from my sixth to my twelfth year, was I asked to perform in public upon the pianoforte. The occasion was some sort of festival, whose organizers had foreseen the lively possibility of an awkward, cough-ridden pause between Item Five ("First Aid to the Injured") and Item Six ("Robin Hood and His Merry Men"); and the idea was that I should distract the attention of the audience while Sherwood Forest was brought into being on the stage. A select committee of aunts and music-mistresses surveyed my repertoire from Czerny's Studies to the "Little Tots' Album of Pianoforte Pieces," and presented me with a short list from which I was to make a final choice according to the mood upon me at the time. This list consisted of two pieces—Weber's "Last Waltz," and Durand's "First Waltz." (It is easy to see that the committee were taking no chances.) My attitude towards these two works was influenced by my failure to associate either of the named gentlemen with the composition of the music. I saw Weber as a failing old man, limping gallantly round a ballroom with his medical advisers in close attendance and an undertaker's tout at the back door. Him I admired, but

I did not wish publicly to associate myself with so macabre a situation. On the other hand, I had a fellow-feeling for Durand; we were both novices, and he had doubtless shared the emotions I was now experiencing (this was a full week before the appointed day) ere he launched himself into the whirling gaiety of the waltz.

In the event, I played neither; but by a stratagem played a piece of music which was ideally suited to the temperament of a small boy. It possessed, as will be seen, the advantage of being noisy enough to muffle the passage of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane, let alone the arrangement of the half-dozen potted plants and the meagre log which were "A Glade in Sherwood Forest."

This masterwork was called "The Battle March of Delhi," and it was a "Descriptive Piece." To enable the executant to follow the stirring events with sympathy, each section of the music bore a sub-title; and proceedings began with the announcement:—

"The Clock in the Palace of the Great Mogul Strikes Four"—thus adding to the horrors of war the discomfort of early rising. The clock was represented by four lovely rumbling chords down in the bass, *molto sostenuto*; and under my control the clock often struck twelve, and seldom less than eight. This was liable to make nonsense of the next sub-titles, "Daybreak"—



GOING TO THE COUNTRY—ACT III

The Economics of Full Employment



"Come along—there's nothing there."

a melancholy tinkling at the top of the keyboard—and "Reveille," an imitation of the martial bugle on single notes. Never, in those days, having experienced Reveille in its practical application, I performed this part with gusto, and at length. It had the desired effect of alerting both sides, for the next direction observed that "The Mutineers are Alarmed at the Approach of the British Cavalry." The cavalry (their breakfasting must have been a sketchy affair) approached in long, loping arpeggios, and the mutineers were alarmed in short, jerky arpeggios. Aid for the latter was at hand, however, for over a small cluster of sombre chords appeared the legend "Guns of the Mutineers." A little licence was clearly permissible here; British cavalry keen enough to forgo breakfast were not the men to be deterred by a stray shot or two, so I unmasked several batteries and laid down a barrage of some intensity. No doubt the composer had in mind some affair of outposts; it was not my fault that the main battle was not joined at a few minutes past four in the morning.

Eventually the cavalry withdrew, and the mutineers ceased firing, and a calmer atmosphere prevailed, under the label "Old Indian Air." "Old Indian Air" it may well have been, but to me it was familiar, in both a religious and a secular context, as "There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away." A fleeting reputation for piety which I enjoyed for a season was perhaps attributable to my playing this over two or three times in reflective mood, while gathering my forces for the next event, which was "Trumpet Calls Troops into Order of Battle." Here again, the composer had missed his chance. The mutineers would hardly stand idly by while formal preparations for their destruction went forward; so the guns opened up again. Left-hand did guns, while right-hand called troops to order.

Having got the troops lined up, the caption said "General Wilson Orders an Immediate Attack." The composer designedly followed this exciting announcement with some fairly emphatic notation, but he did not intend the pandemonium which I got out of it. The troops swarmed to the assault in a riot of crescendo, the Guns of the Mutineers (mentioned tamely, once) did horrid execution; and, when I could get a finger free, the bugles blew on both sides. There were, originally, some twenty or thirty bars of *mêlée*, but at my behest the battle swayed indecisively beneath the walls for about ten minutes. Wilson, according to his contemporaries a man of vacillating disposition, would have called the attack off long before I had finished!

However, in the end the British won, and the victory was celebrated by "See the Conquering Hero Comes"—a tribute, one supposes, to General Wilson—and one or two quiet tunes indicative of peace. During these, in my amended version, the noise of the pursuit (arpeggios) and the sullen resistance of isolated guns (chords) could be heard in the background, punctuated with bugle calls.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the erection of Sherwood Forest went forward unperceived (a fact I made great play with in my defence later); but against this solid gain must be set the tedious period of waiting endured by Robin Hood and his half-deafened men, a period long enough and noisy enough to drive most of their lines clean out of their heads, with disastrous consequences for which I was held to blame.

Years afterwards, reading an account of the siege of Delhi, I realized that the composer's incomplete study of military history had deprived me of a grand chance. At a crucial moment during the final assault, the Kashmir Gate was blown up.

Even now, I sigh over that lost opportunity.

A WORD ON PROMOTION

THE head of the Information Department of the Ministry for Quadrilateral Affairs laced his thin sensitive fingers together and span one thumb round the other.

"So you want to rise in the world," he said.

"Well," I began, "I feel, and my wife thinks . . ."

The brows bent, and the long thin nose twitched.

"In your case I should advise patience."

"But . . ."

"Oh, I don't mean that you've been unsatisfactory. Your waistcoats have never offended, you have learned what to say to the Resident Clerk when you are duty officer, you know the difference between *démarche* and *décente*, and you've never gone abroad for your holidays. But—there's more to it than all that.

"Look at Mandrill, now. He remained, puzzled and disconsolate, for three years as a Temporary Assistant Grade III. The handles of the drawers in his table always shone; he brushed his carpet every morning, and locked up his secret telegrams every night. He even conquered an annoying and distracting habit of cracking nuts with his teeth during conferences. But he didn't realize that everyone on the staff was doing the same thing, so to speak—that it's the ability to attract attention that counts.

"Mind you, I doubt if he'll ever get much farther. Have you ever watched him trying to cuddle the telephone receiver in the hollow between the cheek and the neck? And what about those rows of pins stuck in the lapels of his jacket? And calling everybody 'lad' at the conferences?

"Yes. Now, when I joined the staff of the department I soon discovered the importance of a personal liaison with the Organization and Maintenance Department and people like the Typing Pool.

"And I can recall with pleasure the day when the then head's chair gave way during a briefing on Article Nine of the Versailles

Protocol—was it in 1919?—and I was able to produce an armchair with adjustable casters for him next morning. I moved up from Clerical Officer Grade IV to Grade III at the end of the week.

"There was the occasion, too," went on the head, leaning back and judging the balance of his chair to a hair's-breadth, his feet swinging up and round till they came to rest, light as thistledown, on his blotting-pad, "when my predecessor suddenly dried up somewhere in the middle of a statement on overall deficits. There had been some whistling from the weeklies occupying the seats near the door, and there had been signs of what would now be called, I suppose, slow clapping. But nothing out of the ordinary.

"I suddenly ran to the window—the one that looks on to Downing Street—and began to wave excitedly. It was a sufficient distraction. When we had all resumed our places, Mandrill was smoothly on his feet and already well into the recruitment of miners from Russia. Oh, yes—we had our fuel troubles in

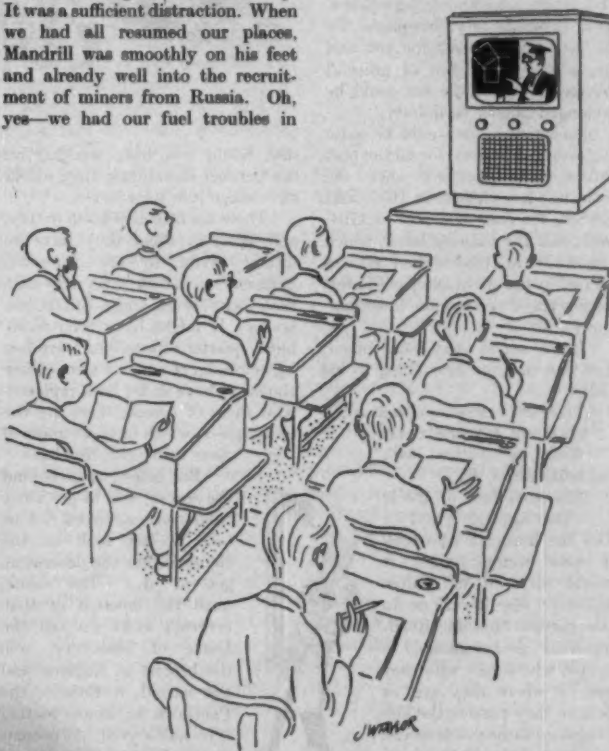
those days, too. However. The head never said anything, but I was awarded my table shortly after."

The thumbs stopped spinning, and he absently changed the date in the date-stamp with a pen nib.

"These," he wound up, "are the first steps in promotion. But I doubt if you have the imagination or the administrative ability . . ."

Punch Festival Exhibition

Until September 28 the Punch Room and an exhibition of recent original drawings are on view to readers at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, on every WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.



READING WITHOUT TEARS

WHAT ghosts, you may reflect, will be dislodged in a few weeks when the Reading-Room of the British Museum is closed for cleaning and the readers are exiled to the unsympathetic terrain of the North Library and a couple of other alien rooms. There they hover along the spokes of that great cartwheel of benches: Gibbon, always (to quote the Duke of Gloucester) scribble, scribble, scribble at some damned thick square book; Marx and Lenin, plotting, in relays of course, the Russian revolution and the Korean war and the laws of genetics; Samuel Butler, who pronounced roundly "I keep my books at the British Museum and at Mudie's"; Verlaine and Rimbaud—how the devil did those two get tickets? Rimbaud was only eighteen anyway; Thackeray, who found there peace, love, truth, beauty, happiness for all, generous kindness for you and me, and a heart full of grateful reverence—surely the list could be prolonged almost to infinity.

Such reflections would be quite misleading, however, for all the best ghosts were exorcised when the room was last cleaned in 1907; and Gibbon, for one, who died in 1794, never saw the existing room, which was built in 1857 (when it was opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury with a ceremonial breakfast-party).

Lenin alone may still linger. You can imagine him filling in his ticket:

Name in Block Capitals.

VLADIMIR ILYITCH ULIANOV

Name of Author (with initials). Marx, K.

Title and Date of Work.

"Das Kapital" (1867)

Did the librarian who took it ever wonder what it would all lead to? Most unlikely; the librarians in the British Museum Reading-Room are accustomed to people who forget who they are, or where they are, or believe they possess the key of some unfathomable secret, and even if they had known

that Lenin was busy working on the October Revolution they would have taken it in their stride.

There are fifteen of them to-day, and between them they have to satisfy seven to ten thousand customers a month, who may take their pick of seven-and-a-half million books. It might have been more, but a quarter of a million were lost by bombing, of which a mere eighty thousand have so far been replaced. And then, of course, there are the newspapers, which have a temple of their own near Hendon.

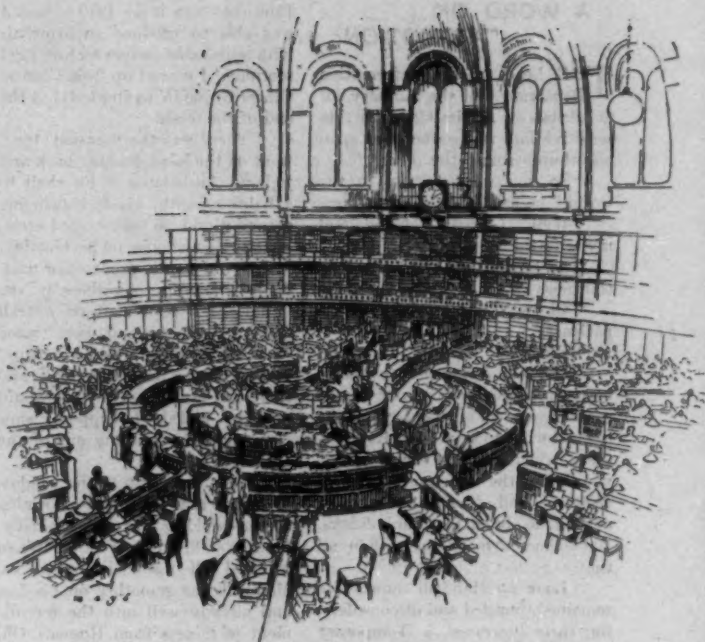
But before we go behind the scenes, and to get away from mere statistics, let us take a last look at the Room before the decorators get at it. The dome, until the erection of that inverted bowl we call the Dome of Discovery, was the biggest in England and the second in Europe, the Pantheon in Rome beating it by half a yard. At present it is a kind of dun colour,

overlaid with a design of squares marking the iron framework within, but when the painters come down from their scaffoldings it will be a rather more distinguished grey.

Below the dome the cylindrical wall is covered with the reference-books which readers may consult without filling in a form. In the middle of the floor is the raised dais where the Superintendent and his minions live, and radiating in all directions are the seats. They are very much of their age, the desks covered in rich but rather worn leather, and provided with elaborate folding book-rests, hooks to lay pens on, and racks below for the convenient stowage of top-hats. The issue of sand for blotting was discontinued in 1838.

When the decorators have finished with them they will present a far gayer aspect, with new coverings of emerald-green leather-cloth and the latest in neon-tube lighting; but readers must wait for these treats until the New Year.

Most of the books are kept in the



"ironworks," a vast system of catwalks and passageways lined with book-filled "presses." To get lost in the ironworks would present many of the features of being marooned on a desert island, except that the problem of choosing your six best books would be absent. It is hopeless to try to give any idea of the extent of the book-laden shelves that surround the Reading-Room; but mention should be made of the Arched Room, a beautiful library where the *incunabula* are kept, together with the books of the kind dealers know as "curious," and of the Copyright Department, where periodicals are stored until they are sent to Colindale, near Hendon.

The difficulties of navigating the collection are, of course, child's play to those who work there. About an hour normally elapses between a reader's handing in his slip and his receipt of his books; but the actual process of finding it will probably not be so long. The slip is put in a little container like those in which drapers used to shoot their bills pneumatically to the cashier. At the far end it is extracted and sent to the appropriate department; the required books are assembled and sent down on an endless-band lift enchantingly called the Paternoster

(though the name derives, disappointingly enough, from that of its manufacturer), then loaded on to a trolley and wheeled into the Room. Thus much of the delay is usually caused by the backlog of work.

The Library boasts its own binding department, too, capable of doing anything from a rich tooled binding for its King's Library (the gift of George IV) to a utility one for prolonging the life of a paper-backed *Flames of Desire*, from a cover for a two-inch-high Testament to one for a collection of posters measuring four feet by three.

But now from Bloomsbury let us leap into our Underground train with a ticket for Colindale for a visit to the Newspaper Library.

It is a few yards from the station, a big red-brick building in appearance like a huge modern church. The basic rule is that all periodicals issued more often than once a month are sent there when a year's output has gathered at Bloomsbury, but there are innumerable exceptions on one ground or another: *Punch* is one, and is kept at the Museum. Among the papers at Colindale are several the public never sees, but which are regularly produced so that the title may be safeguarded. These, even when they print on their single six-square-inch page the same two paragraphs of news every day, are duly bound and placed on record with the rest.

At present two of the main Colindale activities are salvaging bomb-damaged files and micro-filming sound ones. Micro-films will undoubtedly form the library of the future, unless tape-recordings do; as an example of its advantages, a whole volume of *Izvestiya*, normally filling some two feet by one foot six by three inches, can be photographed in a couple of hours, processed in a couple more, and stored in a cardboard box just under four inches square and an inch and a half thick. The library's own photographic staff, equipped with fifty thousand pounds' worth of equipment bought with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, is busy at this task now, and as each volume is finished the original papers are

sent even farther away into the country for storage.

Micro-filmed papers, for those who distrust that kind of thing, are read on a machine that enlarges them to more than life-size, if required, and makes them easier to read than the original journal.

The Library has been described by a contemporary as "the most majestic temple of books in the world." Certainly it is doubtful if any other capital can show such riches; but in one of them at least this will cause no heart-burning, for the Kremlin must surely have evidence by now that the collection was founded by Marx and Lenin. As, in fact, its most famous Keeper and the real author of its present greatness was an Italian refugee, who built it up against considerable opposition, we need not be too self-righteous over the matter; but he died Sir Anthony Panizzi, and his bust is over the Reading-Room door. Unless, of course, it has been removed for cleaning.

B. A. Young





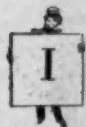
(The Magic Box

O.K. for Movement

William Friese-Greene—ROBERT DONAT; A Constable—SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

AT THE PICTURES

The Magic Box—Edward and Caroline



I may seem an ungracious thing to say, but the fact remains that this sums up my feeling about *The Magic Box*

(Director: JOHN BOULTING): it is much better than I expected. Consider the cramping conditions of the specification: a ceremonial work, "the British film industry's principal contribution to the Festival of Britain," a pious tribute to the memory of the man who did so much to make that industry possible, a narrative of events well within the memory of many people now living and, in fact, involving many people now living, and a film, moreover, that makes a point of finding room for "over sixty British stars" to appear in small parts or as extras... I would have said the disadvantages were formidable. I expected a dull worthy piece made noticeably artificial and charade-like in detail by the constant appearance of some too-familiar face in a crowd meant to be quite anonymous; instead, what we have is a story that is, to be sure, something less than enthralling, but is far from dull, and uses its wealth of subsidiary talent often to striking advantage. Recognition of a bit-playing star, even if it does not start a flurry of whispers

in the audience, inevitably throws the scene off balance for a second; but in most instances this is, in fact, only for a second, after which one may take an honest pleasure in the way the part is played. The character of William Friese-Greene is simplified into that of a man with a consuming passion to which he sacrifices everything and everybody else, and ROBERT DONAT portrays him with convincing earnestness. The script perhaps labours his obsession in the wrong way: surely the man was not under the continual necessity of emphasizing the importance and value of movement in a picture? It seems far more likely that his truly passionate and fascinated interest was in the devices he could use to get it. Again, the need to place the most dramatic scene near the end of the film demands a disconcerting reversal of the order of events: the first flashback shows all sorts of things that really happened years after those shown in the second. But as a whole this is a worthy (in the best sense), interesting picture, good in itself without reference to its merits as a biography.

Edward and Caroline (Director: JACQUES BECKER) contrives to be brilliantly attractive and entertaining

with an almost negligible basis of narrative incident. With credible, freshly-observed characters and a continual sparkle of well-imagined, authentic, amusing circumstantial detail, it establishes a lifelike situation between a young husband and wife, and holds our delighted interest in all that concerns them for nearly a hundred minutes. The specks of detail are often amusing precisely because they are authentic: it is as momentarily pleasing to see Caroline wipe the steam from her bathroom mirror as it is, later, to watch the expressions of a group of people listening to music. The young husband (DANIEL GÉLIN) is a pianist; the snooty relations of his wife (ANNE VERNON) give a smart party designed to help his career, and everything goes wrong. The sketches of the people at the party, including a genial American who puts things right at the end, are delightful—but the whole film is delightful. One could see it several times, always with fresh pleasure.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Apart from *La Ronde* (16/5/51) there's nothing else very special in London. Anyone in the mood for a spectacular, absurd romp with "scientification" might try *When Worlds Collide*.

Nothing great among the new releases, either. Earlier ones to remember: *No Highway* (15/8/51) and the two Ealing comedies, *The Lavender Hill Mob* (11/7/51) and *The Man in the White Suit* (22/8/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



(Edward and Caroline

Heart and Hand

Edward—DANIEL GÉLIN

THE BELL

IT wasn't till I'd been in my new job for three months that I found time to look at the handing-over notes thoughtfully prepared by my predecessor. These recalled to me with rather a jolt my responsibility for quite a large sum of foreign currency. This was kept in a room at the top of the building, in case officials suddenly had to be sent abroad. Nobody had been abroad since my arrival, and as I'd been fairly busy I hadn't remembered to do anything about it.

I thought I'd better repair my omission, and quickly too.

I found the room without any difficulty and went in. Seated at a trestle table was an elderly, steady sort of chap. He looked as if he'd been there a pretty long time and he gave me a nice feeling of confidence. However, I thought that after a lapse of three months I ought to show him that I was aware of my responsibilities. I told him who I was and asked about the foreign currency.

"Yes, sir," he said. "It's all here, in the safe." And he disclosed a wall safe behind his chair.

"Good," I replied, "where's the key?" He showed me a key on a bunch attached to a chain round his waist. He opened the safe and there was the money, all in neat piles according to the country of origin. I checked it. It was correct to the last peseta. My relief was succeeded by that sensation of virtue that often comes with the knowledge of possessing an entirely trustworthy subordinate. Nothing much to worry about here, I said to myself. Even so, you can't be too careful of other people's money, and I decided to check the security arrangements. He must have guessed what I was thinking, as he pointed to the window and I saw that it was strongly barred. The bars were firm too. By now I was feeling positively snug. I had one more idea.

"That's all very fine," I said, "but what happens if someone comes through the door, biffs you on the head and takes your key and the cash? The door isn't locked,

and you're not armed, are you?" "No," he replied, "I'm not armed, but I've got a bell. Here." There it was, by his foot under the table. "It rings in the porter's lodge downstairs." He gave a suspicion of a sigh as if to point out that I might just as well try to test the safety of the Forth Bridge by stamping on it. Well, I'm nothing if I'm not thorough, so I asked him to press it. "Oh, I couldn't do that," he said, and he began to look a trifle obstinate. "It's never been done before, and somebody might get upset. It isn't necessary, sir, really. Everything's quite O.K., as you can see for yourself." I began to feel sorry for him, but once I've started anything I do like to see it through.

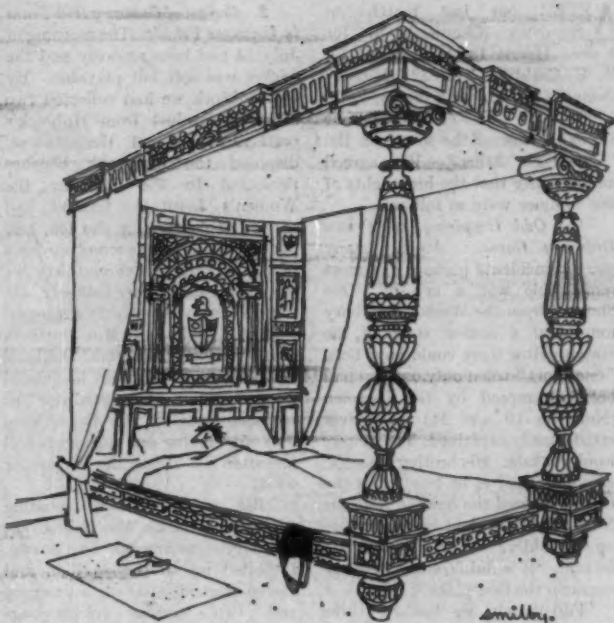
"Go on," I said, "press it. I'll take full responsibility if there's any trouble." He sighed again. I felt a bit mean. Then he stepped on the bell. I could hear it tinkle a

long way below. We waited, and nothing happened.

"You'd better ring it again," I said a little more confidently. He touched the bell again. It was curious that he seemed to have shrunk.

We heard steps outside and heavy breathing. The door opened and the porter came in. "You're in the dickens of a hurry this morning, George!" he puffed. "What's biting you?" And he banged a bottle of beer down on the table.

We learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. James B. Naismith who, over the initials "J. B. N.", contributed many ingenious verses and articles to these pages between the years 1914 and 1950.



THE SEASON REVIEWED

AFTER our last match on Saturday (Chudleigh 81 for 9 dec., Harris 18, Williamson 15, H. R. Crabtree 7 for 32; Mickley Common 56. Harris 5 for 18, Potts 5 for 31) we conducted our annual review of the season in the "Chudleigh Arms." We agreed unanimously that the high-lights of the summer were as follow:

1. *Odd Umpiring in Weston Didsbury Game.* Among many strange incidents perhaps the most remarkable was a cry of "One Short!" from the Weston Didsbury umpire at a critical stage of the match. How there could have been "one short" when only one run had been attempted by the batsmen (Numbers 10 and 11) was never satisfactorily explained. The umpire wouldn't talk. His brother, though, who happened to be bowling at the time, ventured the opinion that our No. 10 batsman had been backing-up too boldly. "Must of bin short," he said, "if 'e didn't start from the crease in the first place."

Fortunately we lost by three runs.



"Hurry up, dear, your breakfast cereal's barely andible."

2. *Arrival of Oakbury Hill Team in Unusual Vehicle.* The morning of July 14 had been showery and the wicket was soft but playable. By three o'clock we had collected two sacks of sawdust from Hubbick's crate-yard, erected the stumps, disposed the four oak benches presented to the club by the Women's Institute, fetched and carried the water for the tea, and fished the tins for the scoreboard out of the locker. At three-thirty we were practising rather listlessly. At three-forty-five somebody suggested that we ought to get Mrs. Marsh to ring up Colonel Chesters at Oakbury and ask him whether he would mind sending his gardener or someone over to Bill Espley's to find out whether our opponents had forgotten all about the fixture or what.

But while we were debating who was to tackle Mrs. Marsh the Oakbury team arrived. In a hearse. It sidled up to the pavilion and eleven players, a scorer, an umpire and two canvas cricket-bags tumbled out. We cheered.

Bill Espley, a man with a strongly developed sense of decorum as well as the finest cover-drive in West Surrey, explained that the vehicle was no longer in use for its original purpose, that it had been converted for general haulage and could be hired very, very cheaply from Parlowe and Stevens.

They beat us by fifteen runs, and when they finally drove off from the "Chudleigh Arms" we raised our hats in silent salute.

3. *Mysterious Repetition of "the Hutton Incident."* On August 25, in a match against Farncott, an opposing batsman was given out for "Obstructing the field." Winnick, our off-spinner, was bowling at the time, and had six men very close to the wicket in his leg-trap. The Farncott man edged one ball for six between fourth and fifth short-legs and Winnick immediately strengthened his trap by transferring Raddles from point. He ran up to bowl . . . he bowled . . . and the batsman swung hard to leg. As he did so he released the bat

smartly and it flew just wide of Raddles' left ear.

"Sorry," said the Farncott man, "she slipped."

Off the next ball, however, he repeated the stroke and the bat hit Raddles painfully in the stomach. On an appeal to the umpire the batsman was then given "Out."

The fixture will not be renewed next year.

4. *The Tea at Chiffley.* This year Chiffley increased the price of their tea to one and ninepence. Village teas, by post-war tradition, consist of two slices of bread and margarine, two triangular sandwiches of tomato and lettuce, a cream cake and two cups of tea. The Chiffley tea, however, is notoriously poor—the sandwiches being of fish-paste and the cake being slab. Fortunately we had been warned what to expect by the Oakbury team, so we carried our own provisions. Chiffley were so indignant that six of our batsmen were given out "l.b.w."

Our view is that if a club wants a new roller it should raise the money from its own village.

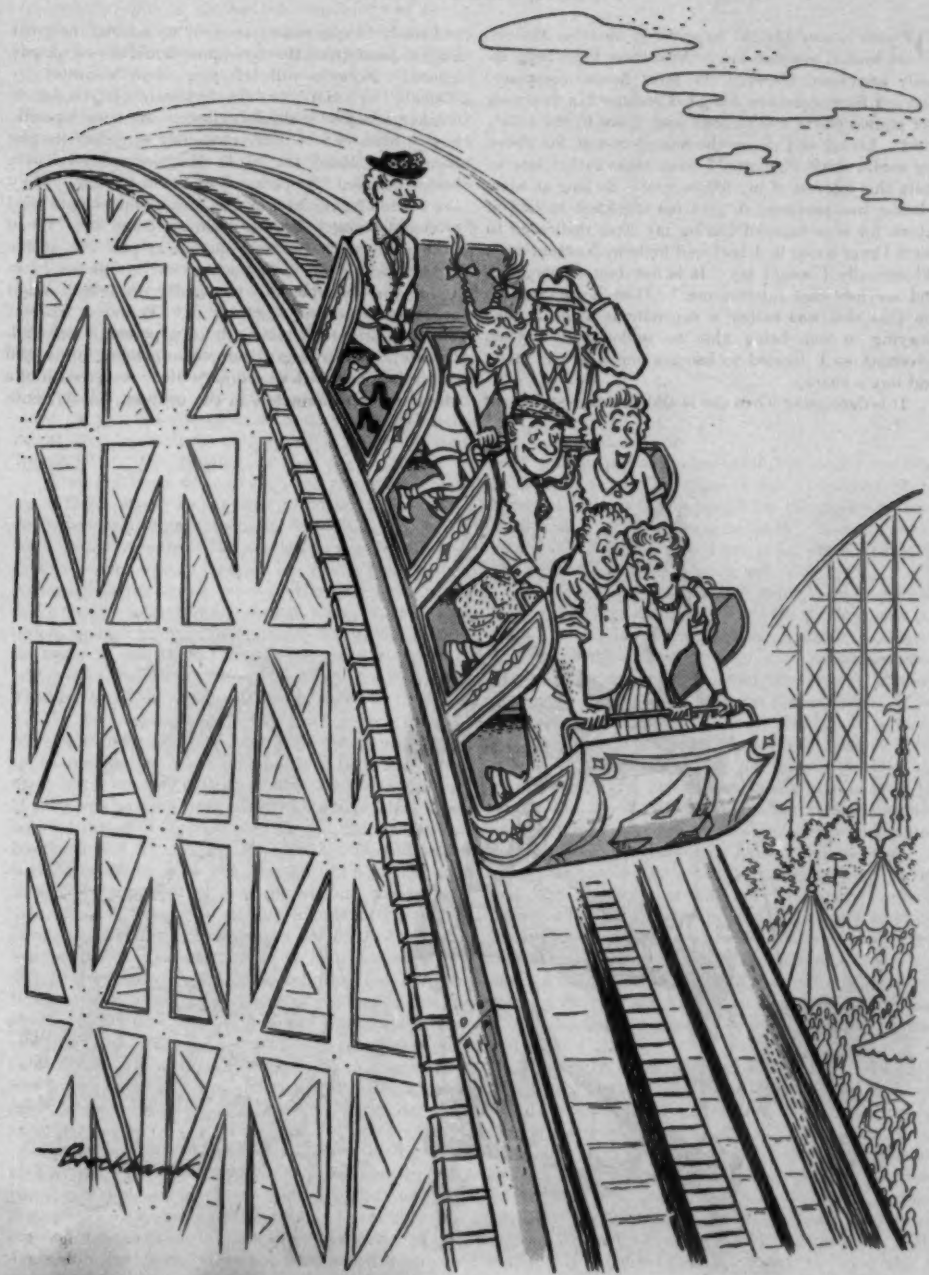
5. *The Foul-mouthed Motor-Cyclist.* The Deepshed game was played throughout in appalling weather. We batted first and Deepshed fielded in a steady drizzle while we notched fifty-three runs. After tea, when our opponents batted, the skies opened, the rain pelted down and the ground became a sea of mud. But not wishing to show ourselves any less hardy than the men of Deepshed we stuck it out. Soon we were soaked to the skin.

At the height of the storm a motor-cyclist passed the ground. He slowed down, studied us curiously and then shouted "Get inside, you — idiots!" His tone was heavily scornful. Needless to say we continued the game—which we lost eventually by six wickets.

6. *Our Victory over Lower Pillsbrook.* Scores: Chudleigh 33; Pillsbrook 32. (Note: Pillsbrook played only eight men.)

Yes, it's been a wonderful season, wonderful.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

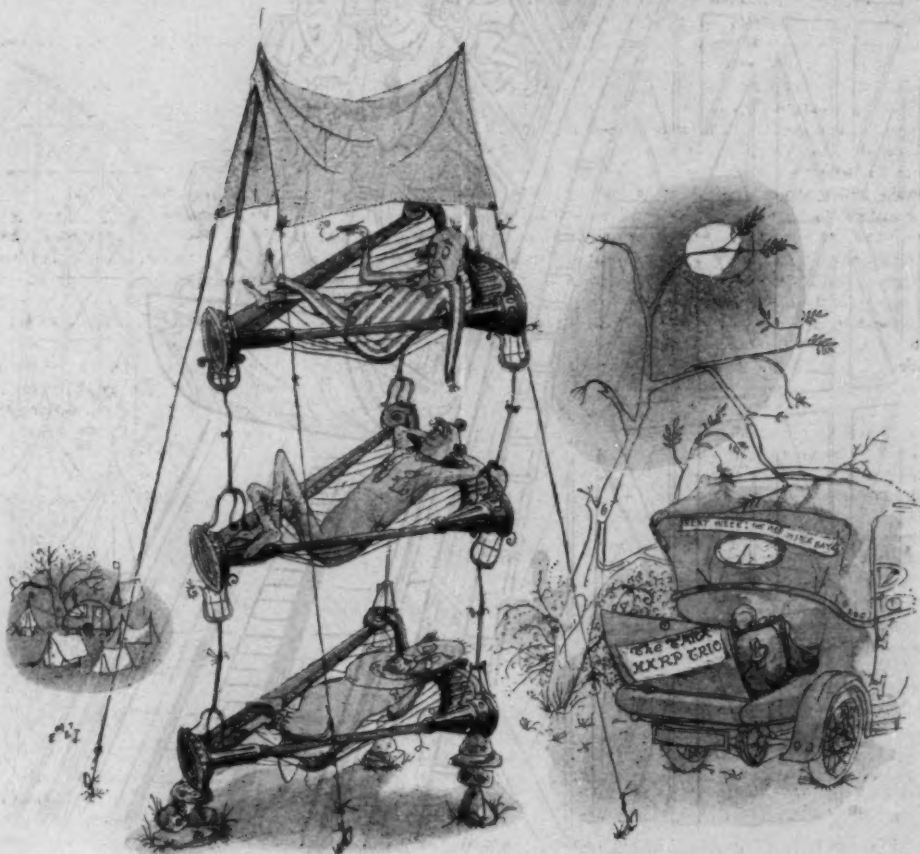


MUSING ABOUT MONEY

OF yore it was thought impolite to mention Money, at least if you had any. Now there is no topic so easily canvassed by even the most flaccid company. Just ask for suggestions for good income tax expenses and stuffed shirts will unbend and, more to the point, bend. Living as I do on the mountain top, far above the sordid strife of marts, I have come rather late to share this interest of my fellow men. So long as some relation was prepared to give me breakfast in bed in return for a promise of having my Epic dedicated to her if I ever wrote it, I bothered little with actual cash. Whimsically I would say "It is not lucre, but goods and services that interest me." Then it occurred to me that this was rather a supercilious attitude, like glorying in not being able to understand Batting Averages, so I decided to become one with the many and buy a share.

It is depressing when one is all brisk and competent

and ready to spin money to come up against the great English assumption that ignorance should be courteously ignored. Nobody will tell you what is meant by "Offside" or "Nap" or "Ex-dividend." If you ask, it is taken as a joke in doubtful taste. My encyclopædia, now a little out of date, obviously considers its few paragraphs about the Stock Exchange merely as a bridge between "Stockdove" and "Stockholm." They are written for initiates and to satisfy some vague ideal of completeness. They contain sentences like "When fully paid, stock is rarely quoted at par, but at the market price—e.g. a £1 share would be quoted $\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$." The example does not clarify my mind. What are these fractions of? Pounds? Shares? Starting price? A sixteenth of a pound is one-and-threepence, an awkward sum corresponding to no coin and rarely met with in ordinary life. A sixteenth of a share seems meaningless in the context. A sixteenth



of the starting price would have to be calculated afresh continually, and in the heated atmosphere of Throgmorton Street a stockbroker whose slide-rule jammed would be well on the way to being hammered. Thinking that the fractions might be a code, I have tried to break it with the help of the rules in Poe's *The Gold Bug*, but so far unsuccessfully. I prefer the encyclopedia when it tells me that persons of Turkish birth are not eligible for membership of the Stock Exchange or that "The tape is the name given to a very ingenious machine found in the majority of brokers' offices."

It is useless to read the financial page of *The Times* and hope to pick up the threads as you go along. There are long lists of things on sale, from the olde-worlde, like The Funds, to the modernistic, like "Do. 4½%.Pf."; but very often only the name of the firm is given. If you intelligently work out that, with all these Exhibitions, cornplasters should do well, you still do not know who makes them. Would it be "Ilford" or "Barr, H'p and G" or "Hector Wh'g"? All these come in the miscellaneous section, yet cornplasters might be a subsidiary activity of a South African Industrial or "Int. Holding."

Even if I knew what to buy, the procedure eludes me. There would be no time to write to the Stock Exchange and request them to forward my order to some firm of repute. The whole business is feverish. Compare the solemn tempo of *The Times* racing column with the hectic prose of the City notes. To make really large sums I should have to issue my orders by tape machine, an amenity for which there is no room in my flat. There is not room even for a refrigerator, unless we balance it on top of a bookcase. That is one of the disadvantages of cultured living.

My encyclopedia says that stockbrokers are not allowed to advertise and that any who do are likely to be outside the Stock Exchange. It is not quite clear, but I imagine they have to stand about and tug at members as they rush in to get them to place their bets for them. I suppose that I could visit the neighbourhood and try tugging for myself. The difficulty is that one might catch not a broker but a jobber, and these "are supposed to have no outside clients and each confines himself to dealing in certain classes of stocks and shares." Even if you got hold of a kind-hearted jobber who was willing to help, he might be able to get you only something technical, like Foreign Bonds, which would mean hours of reading figures in small print to find whether you had drawn the lucky number, or Treasury Bills, which might make you liable for some of the National Debt. There would also be a danger of never finding your kind rescuer again and being unable to get rid of the investment when it went up.

Assuming that somehow you do actually sign up with a broker, can you decently ask the man to buy you a single share? Is it assumed you deal only in thousands? Obviously, the beginner must start with one and use the profit on that to buy two, and so on. Again, can you decently ask the man to sell it almost as soon as he has bought it? Yet if you keep it too



long it might pay a dividend and thus render you liable to income tax. The game must be played at the speed of "Hunt the Slipper" for the policy of small profits and quick returns to work. A buay broker would trip over you if you sat in his office waiting for the exact moment to bid him sell.

As with dog-racing, the only thing to do is to choose what you will back with a pin. With six dogs in a race there is a five-to-one chance against picking a winner. With shares, luckily, any particular share can only go up or down, and the chance is therefore evens that you will pick one that goes up. If you go on long enough, by the way, the law of averages will swing things your way; the art is to break off before it turns impartially against you again. A share can go up indefinitely, unless there is any kind of limit put on by the Stock Exchange, as the pools promoters limit prizes. A share cannot go down indefinitely because it cannot very well have a minus value. It must just go out like a candle. A share that hovers just above extinction will not be popular. Many people will just tear it up, rather than pay a stockbroker fees for looking after it. If you hang on, in time it will acquire rarity value, and one might well foster a cult among rich stockbrokers for buying rare shares. In the long run you might do better than if it had originally gone up a sixteenth and you had sold it.

With only these untested beliefs to guide me I shall try to get hold of a share and watch it as closely as an urban Gilbert White. If I make a fortune stockbrokers will begin calling for orders and I can forget all that I have learned about the Money Market. If I lose I shall write an article about the Stock Exchange and, as I could not have written it without investing, I shall claim my losses as an income-tax expense. Heads I win, tails I break even. The Romance of Business is beginning to seize me in its grip.

R. G. G. PRICE

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAID

THE knight rode slowly to the
ford,
All dapple-green the trees above;
And waved he absently his sword,
And dreamed he idly of his
love.

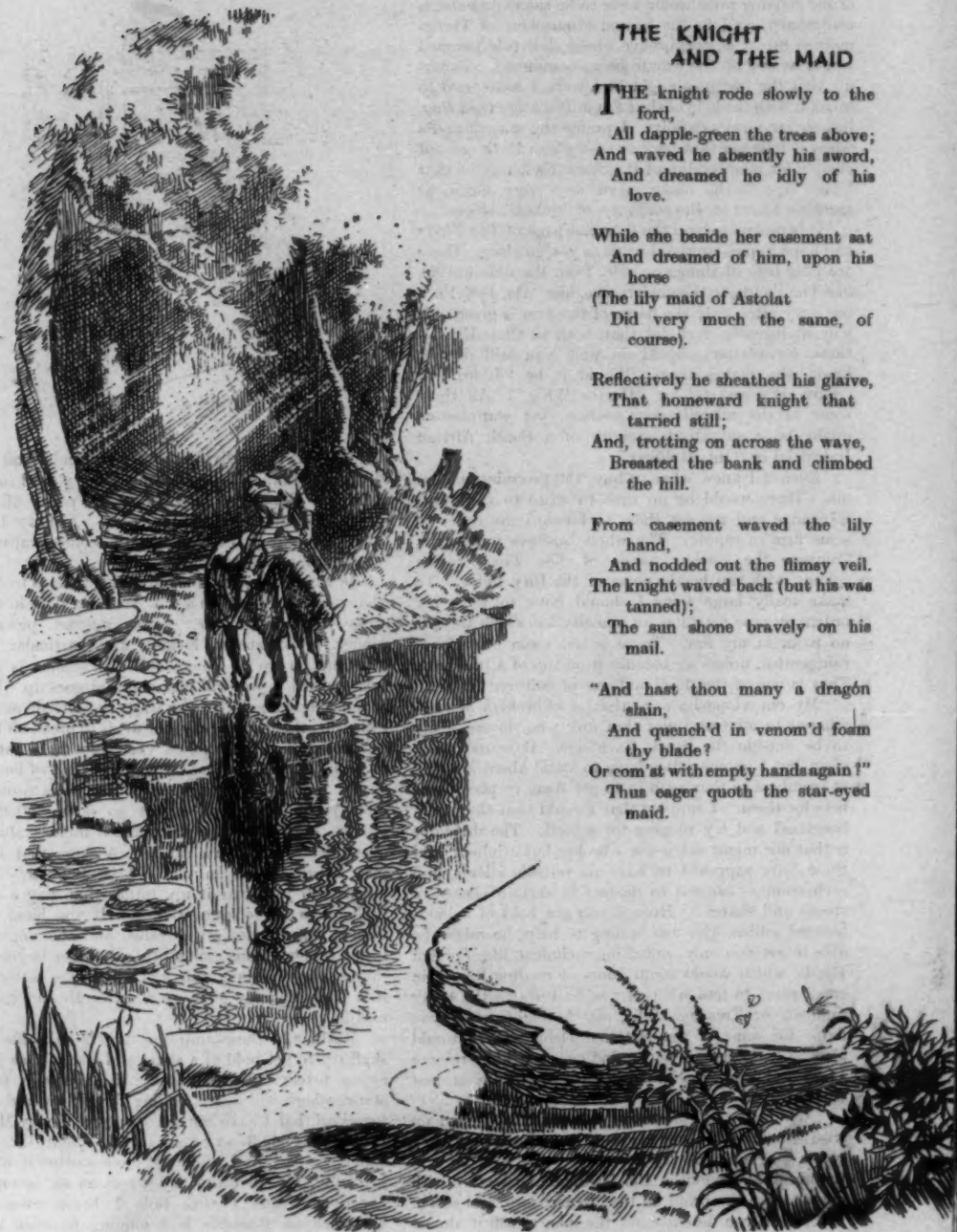
While she beside her casement sat
And dreamed of him, upon his
horse

(The lily maid of Astolat
Did very much the same, of
course).

Reflectively he sheathed his glaive,
That homeward knight that
tarried still;
And, trotting on across the wave,
Breasted the bank and climbed
the hill.

From casement waved the lily
hand,
And nodded out the flimsy veil.
The knight waved back (but his was
tanned);
The sun shone bravely on his
mail.

"And hast thou many a dragon
slain,
And quench'd in venom'd foam
thy blade?
Or com'st with empty hands again?"
Thus eager quoth the star-eyed
maid.



"Nay, never dragon have I bled,
Nor steep'd my blade in venom'd
foam;
I am a feckless knight," he said,
"And empty-handed come I
home."

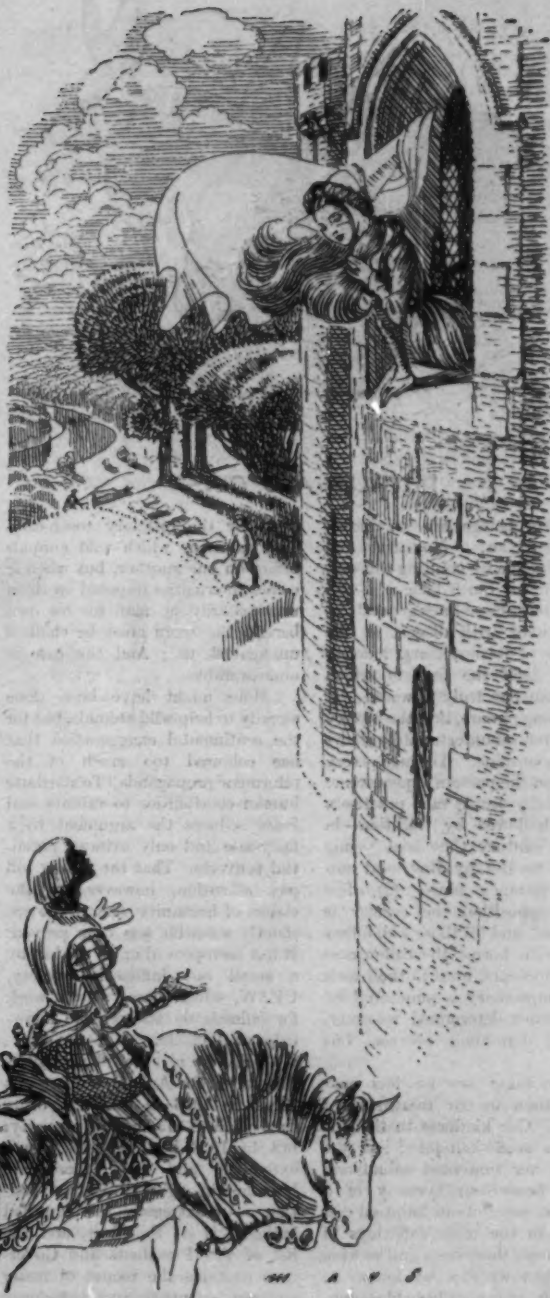
Yet come I home; and there
remark,
Fair damosel, a wondrous thing;
For many a knight stays out by
dark,
Alone and palely loitering.

He quests awhile by bush and briar,
And sleeps among the forest trees,
Nor does he even light a fire
To ward the twinges from his
knees.

Night after night his lady sits
All uncompanion'd in her tower,
Nor knows she where her champion
flits
Like mail-clad bee from flower to
flower.

Rejoice, then, maid, that I appear,
What though it be with empty
hands,
Nor let you languish year by year
While I quest on in foreign lands."

At this the maid was sore amazed;
But, since she fain would have
him woo,
His wisdom and his wit she praised,
As wise young maids are wont
to do. R. P. LISTER





PITFALLS AND GINS

HUMAN beings are an inconsistent lot. Novelists and dramatists live by pointing this out, but we never quite believe it can apply to ourselves. Each generation, looking back with disgust at the brutality of its ancestors, likes to imagine itself the first in which civilization has truly flowered. It is a pleasing picture, that the history of social reform unfortunately shows to be moonshine. Through every generation the pattern is persistent: (1) Perfectly decent men practise a cruelty hallowed by tradition—in the last century they sent young children to Botany Bay, and employed chimney boys; (2) after furious opposition the cruelty is prohibited; and (3) those who follow regard with horror the callousness of their forbears, until in their turn their complacency is punctured by still another determined reformer. It is a humbling process, but healthy.

In nothing are we less consistent than in our treatment of animals. Our kindness to them is almost a music-hall joke; and yet between our contented submission to the benevolent tyranny of a particular pet and our habitual disinterest in the mass sufferings of wild animals there lies a gulf so wide that, when we can, we ignore it. Obviously we cannot be held respon-

sible for the ordinary tooth-and-claw savagery which wild animals inflict on one another, but when it comes to cruelties imposed on them unnecessarily by man for his own benefit the score must be chalked up against us. And the case is unanswerable.

More might have been done already to help wild animals, but for the sentimental exaggeration that has coloured too much of the reformers' propaganda. To attribute human sensibilities to rabbits and foxes reduces the argument to a fairy-tale and only irritates potential converts. That the public will pay attention, however, to the claims of humanity when these are strictly scientific has been proved. It has been proved up to the hilt by a small but influential society, UFAW, which bases all its work for animals on an accurate knowledge of the facts.

UFAW is the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare. It began in 1926 as ULAWS, being then confined to London University, but in 1938 its membership was extended, and now there are branches in eight British universities. An extremely distinguished biologist is its President, and the list of Vice-Presidents and Governors contains the names of many eminent scientists and veterinary

officers. These are not men to sponsor woolly or romantic abstractions. UFAW exists to find out the facts, which it is well qualified to do; to study the priorities of reform; and to advocate the most practical remedies where they are most needed, helpfully and without heat. Its approach is refreshingly objective. Its outlook is unfanatical (as regards blood sports it co-operates with the Societies controlling sport in promoting humaneness among sportsmen) and it declines controversy. Focusing so much impartial opinion, it is listened to on the highest levels.

Since UFAW is run by scientists, its first test is quantitative. It looks for the largest mass of suffering, and therefore its prime enemy is the steel gin trap, in which in this country millions of animals and birds die in agony each year. Crucifixion is the closest description of their deaths. The photographs collected by UFAW, of victims still alive though horribly mangled, are not sentimental propaganda but facts shameful enough to sear the toughest conscience. Fur-trapping depends largely on the steel gin, and is included in UFAW's campaign, but the chief sufferer is the British rabbit, brutally tortured on a wide scale through commercial exploitation. UFAW has urged, and the Ministry of Agriculture and the National Farmers' Union now agree, that we should be much better off without him, for he damages more food than he produces. The trouble is the small, inefficient farmer, eager to



turn his rabbits into cash, who lets his rights to professional trappers; and this commercial exploitation of rabbits vastly increases the rabbit population, as is proved by the story of Carmarthenshire, where there were few rabbits until 1918, when high prices first encouraged trapping, and where rabbit density has since increased enormously in the trapped areas.

That rabbits can be controlled by humane methods, chiefly by gassing, has been demonstrated by UFAW during four years' research in Wales. In the meantime it is going all out, with a formidable body of expert opinion behind it (including the recent Scott-Hender-



prohibit traps was beaten in the Lords in 1935 by two votes (I shall never forget the swollen attendance of "backwoods" peers, their pockets bulging with home-made snares of the utmost ingenuity). More fortunate was the Bill that became The Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, 1939, which discouraged rabbit-farming and obliged trappers to lay gins only at the actual holes.

well-grounded hopes for its future — though it still has to win the usual fight against tradition.

The welfare of laboratory animals, the third main point in its present programme, is an excellent example of UFAW's policy and methods. The vivisection controversy had raged ineffectively for three-quarters of a century, reaching a deadlock in which the immediate welfare of animals seemed to be sometimes forgotten, when UFAW published its "Handbook on the Care and Management of Laboratory Animals." This work at once won its way to favour among biologists, carrying with it a strong plea for attention to the feelings of animals. The scientific press gave it a warm welcome, and now it is a standard textbook in every biological laboratory in Great Britain, and in many abroad.

It seems to me that perhaps the greatest hope for the future of animal welfare lies in UFAW's university student membership, which has expanded rapidly since the war. From among these young men and women will come the best scientists of their generation, and that they should be imbued with humane principles at the start of their careers is too important to need emphasis. Through UFAW they are also learning how to put their principles into practice. A few years ago, when the transport of cattle from Irish farms to Scottish slaughter-houses was often very rough, a party of UFAW student-members from Glasgow Veterinary College volunteered to investigate during their holidays, and delivered a detailed report which contained a number of practical recommendations. That is surely the right spirit of reform.

ERIC KROWN



son Committee, influenced by its evidence), for the abolition of the steel trap; and it is hoped that a Bill which had its first reading in the last session of Parliament, and will be brought up again in the next, will finally clear our name of this indefensible barbarity. The Bill has been jointly promoted by UFAW and other humane societies. UFAW's own original Bill to

Then, whales. More than thirty thousand are killed each year, a figure limited by international regulation. Whales are not just useful aggregations of blubber, but extremely sensitive mammals, and at present they are hunted with an explosive harpoon. Except for an occasional lucky hit in the head, this only makes a mess of the whale, which takes, on an average, half an hour to die, towing a three-hundred-ton ship by its wound and bleeding heavily. However innocent and delicious whale-oil products may look, that is their pretty origin. The answer, says UFAW, is the electric harpoon, which kills its victim within a few minutes, saving time which is precious commercially. In consultation with UFAW this new invention has been made and successfully tried out by a senior member of the industry, and there are



THE SISTERS

"MY sister," said my next-door neighbour, Mrs. Arneby, with-out enthusiasm, "is coming to live here."

Mrs. Arneby and I often chat over the garden fence. She is eighty-three. Her husband died soon after the first World War, and since then she has lived alone and managed her own affairs. Her back is as straight as a guardsman's, and she has never had an illness in her life. To be sure, one of her knees has been troubling her lately—much to her perplexity ("The doctor tells me it's rheumatism. Why should I suddenly get rheumatism? I don't understand it: I've never had such a thing happen to me before")—and she now so far compromises with time as occasionally to walk with a stick.

The longevity of the other members of her household is scarcely less remarkable than her own. Mrs. Atkinson, who comes in twice a week to "do the rough," is a comparatively young person. She has been drawing the old-age pension for only about five years. Horace Blackburn attends to the garden at week-ends. He retired from his job on the railway a quarter of a century ago. And lastly, Kangchenjunga, "the loveliest Peking in the world," has been actively concerned with problems of security for thirteen years. The local renown of this perennially young quartet is a matter of secret, but intense, pride to Mrs. Arneby.

"Her companion has died," she

went on, still referring to her sister, "and Emily wants to give up her flat and make her home with me."

"That should be pleasant for both of you," I said.

"I don't know about that. You see"—her voice became earnest and confiding—"she's old. It's a great responsibility having an old person about the house."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Ninety-one. Mind you, she keeps going very well—too well, in fact. She doesn't realize how foolish it is to behave at her age as if she were ten years younger."

"Still," I urged, "she'll be company for you."

"I don't know," she repeated.

"It's a great responsibility, and I'm not sure I like it." And, shaking her head, she returned to her kitchen.

Within a few days the sister, Mrs. Coomber, had arrived. She was taller than, and not quite as erect as, Mrs. Arneby. She had a pair of alert blue eyes which, I learned, needed spectacles only for reading. She looked about seventy. Her sole disability was a slight deafness and, like a good many people with this affliction, she spoke in penetrating tones. I thus could not help overhearing many of their conversations, and becoming aware within a fortnight of Mrs. Coomber's arrival of an unfamiliar note of irascibility in Mrs. Arneby's voice.

The sisters had last lived together in the year 1880, when one was a young woman of twenty and the

other a pig-tailed child of twelve; and to Mrs. Coomber the relationship which prevailed then still came naturally.

"Agnes," I heard her say one day, "I hear you suffer from rheumatism."

"I?" said Mrs. Arneby. "Rheumatism? Who on earth told you that?"

"The gardener—what's his name—Blackburn. So—"

"I expect you misunderstood him. The fact is, Emily, if you don't mind my saying so, you're very hard of hearing. Horace was probably telling you about his own ailments. All I suffer from is a slight stiffness in my knee."

"So," persisted Mrs. Coomber, "I told him to cut down all that tangle of weeds over the house."

There was a gasp. "Weeds! D'you mean my wistaria?"

"No, no, dear. Not the wistaria. All this mass of ivy and Virginia creeper. Worst possible thing for the house. Bad for rheumatism too. So damp. How d'you expect to cure yourself if you live in a jungle?"

Mrs. Arneby said furiously "Really, Emily, you go too far. I like to see the house covered with creeper."

"The roof as well?"

"Yes, the roof as well. Please tell Horace not to touch it."

I heard footsteps receding. A door slammed viciously. The next week-end Horace Blackburn was



hard at work with shears and bill-hook.

Even more infuriating to Mrs. Arneby than no longer being the mistress of her own house was the wide-eyed incredulity expressed by friends, neighbours, and tradesmen when they were told Mrs. Coomber's age—and Mrs. Coomber, like most ladies over ninety, made no secret of it. To be hale, hearty and able to fend for oneself at eighty-three was a feat; at ninety-one it was almost a miracle. And Mrs. Coomber did more. For presently Mrs. Arneby's cup of bitterness filled to the brim: her knee became suddenly worse, and she could not move from her bed. Mrs. Coomber nursed her.

I knocked on their door as soon as I heard about it, and asked if I could be of any help. Mrs. Coomber, who had just cooked the midday meal, was in the kitchen. She assured me she was managing quite well, and that there was nothing I could do. She was preparing a tray which she was about to take to the invalid.

Suddenly an irritable voice came from the bedroom.

"Who's that, Emily?"

"Mr. Brooks from next door."

The voice changed. "Oh, Mr. Brooks, I'm so glad you've come. Do carry the tray up for my sister. She finds the stairs so trying."

Mrs. Coomber bent over the gas-stove, and removed the lid from a saucepan. "Take no notice, Mr. Brooks," she said, stirring what smelt like an appetizing stew. "Agnes is a little over-wrought."

"What was that, Emily?"

"Nothing, dear. Don't worry so much."

"Oh, how obstinate you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Arneby. "You know it gives me spasms to hear you tottering up the stairs."

Mrs. Coomber made no reply. She filled a bowl with the stew, and set it on the tray.

"I'm terrified you'll fall and hurt yourself," added Mrs. Arneby.

Mrs. Coomber picked up the tray. "Let me remind you, Agnes," she said drily, as she slowly climbed the stairs, "it's not *my* legs that are rheumatic."

I crept out.

A day or two later, in response to my inquiry, Mrs. Coomber said "Oh, Agnes is getting along all right, thank you. She'll be up by the end of the week." She lowered her voice. "And then I'm going."

"Going?"

"Yes. The fact is, Mr. Brooks," she went on, confidentially, "Agnes is old. When I agreed to come here I hadn't realized that she'd aged so much."

I murmured that I'd always thought her surprisingly youthful.

"Oh, I know she's much younger than I am in years. But years don't matter: it's how you wear them that matters. And I feel that if I stayed here I should soon grow old too. So, directly she's on her feet again, I'm leaving."

Within a week she was gone—to a niece who had a bungalow at Worthing, where, in Mrs. Arneby's opinion, the lack of stairs and the

sea air would do her good. I carried her luggage out for her, and as the taxi drove away Mrs. Arneby turned to me and sighed: "Poor Emily. I'd like to have kept her, but I was afraid of trouble. Her heart's very tired, you know."

"She seemed active enough."

"She flogged herself on. Most unwise, I thought. After all, age always has the last word, and there comes a time in everyone's life when the only dignified thing one can do is to admit it."

She turned, and moved towards the house. As she closed the garden gate she looked for a moment at the stick she was carrying. Then she straightened her back (which, after ten days in bed, was a shade off the vertical), slid her hand along the stick until she held it horizontally and, with Kangchenjunga trotting at her heels, walked down the path with a determined, if uneven, tread.

SCARECROW

THE starry-eyed go over the hill, And the scarecrow stays his hand.

Warn them he could, but a scarecrow's will

Has nothing to do with a distant hill.

His mission consists in standing still,

Which is more than the starry-eyed over the hill

Can ever understand.





Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

Claude Dabney—Mr. DESMOND O'DONOVAN; Raymond Dabney—Mr. HECTOR ROSS
Paul Dabney—Mr. AUBREY DEKTER; Crystal Wetherby—Miss GRETA GYNT

(The Man in Possession)

AT THE PLAY

The Man in Possession (EMBASSY)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)

IF I sat in a Chair of Drama I should encourage one of my most pertinacious students to burrow among the mysteries of revival. His graphs of the comparative success of a mass of theatrical exhumations, in relation to weight, wit, length of time buried and other factors, should find a place over every manager's desk, and of course the vital curve would be the one showing the optimum moment of revival for different types of play. Many disappointments might be saved by it. I should not be surprised if he found that in the case of social comedy, for instance, forty years, which is long enough for a period crust to form, are safer than twenty, when distance has not yet lent enchantment.

Mr. H. M. HARWOOD's *The Man in Possession* is a play in point. In 1930, neatly tuned to the taste of the time, it went down well, but where then it shocked entertainingly it now seems thin and a little sordid. In Mr. HENRY OSCAR's new production an attempt is made to cover the rust by giving the date as the present, but this only brings into relief the obsolescence of the

heavy father, the young Wodehouse peer and the shaded seduction. The central situation is better than the way it is worked out. A ne'er-do-well disowned by his father goes as broker's man to a bankrupt adventuress engaged to his pompous brother, and having played footman to his visiting family and cleared the decks of various rivals makes off with the lady himself. Although the acting is not remarkable, Miss GRETA GYNT and Mr. HECTOR ROSS lead it with spirit, and in smaller parts Miss DIANA LINCOLN and Mr. DAVID KEIR both stand out, as a Mayfair maid and a pedantic Scots bailiff.

For once undominated by any celluloid giant, the programme at the Palladium last week had real variety. My favourite was that delightful French team, LES COMPAGNONS DE LA CHANSON, nine men with voices as expressive as their miming. Their demonstration of the murder of "Au Clair de la Lune" by different nationalities was neat, but I liked them better in a song outlining the uneventful life-cycle of one Jimmy Brown. Then there was Mr. LESLIE WELCH, whose head looks quite normal on the outside

but contains a card-index to such classics as *Widsen and Ruff*. Ask him the winner of the three-thirty at Kempton on June 4, 1897, and it comes back like that, in the tones of a family butler. Pressed for the wettest racecourse in England, he replied, without hesitation, Putney to Mortlake. Sport appeared to be his province, so we refrained from asking the recipe for a hare à la royale or for the weight of the Forth Bridge in milligrams, but it is hard to imagine this man in defeat.

Miss HAZEL SCOTT, an American whose personality won the audience instantly, beat a piano with great dexterity and extraordinary reserves of stamina, and our Mr. TED RAY was funny, though rather low. As for Miss GIPSY ROSE LEE, she undressed very coyly to some very poor lyrics, and then undressed some more against a shadowgraph. It seemed to me a simple way to earn one's living.

Recommended

A deluge of new productions is about to break. In the meantime, for sheer entertainment: *The Lyric Revue*, coming to the Globe from Hammersmith to-night, *Kiss Me, Kate* (Coliseum), a winning musical, and *The Biggest Thief in Town* (Duchess), cynical but very funny.

ERIC KROWN



Raising a Laugh
Mr. TED RAY

(Palladium)



AT THE OPERA

Dido and Aeneas
(MERMAID THEATRE)

missing music of which is supplied from other of PURCELL's works. It was a sure instinct on the part of BERNARD MILES, the producer and owner of the theatre, that made him include it, though it is irrelevant to the main plot and consists mostly of conventional Grecian deities spouting rather second-rate poetry by NAHUM TATE. It prepares the audience for what is to come, just as the orchestral overture, as developed by Gluck, was later to do; so *Phaebus* with his delightfully absurd chariot and horses, *Venus* descending on a trapeze and the *Nereids* and *Tritons* dancing with *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* around a *Botticelli Spring* with a cornucopia of flowers, are not only historically correct but aesthetically satisfying.

The music is in charge of GERAINT JONES, who conducts from the harpsichord wearing Restoration dress and a full-bottomed wig. Musically the performance is excellent and Madame FLAGSTAD as *Dido* is truly magnificent. Her singing of "When I am laid in earth" shows with consummate art how grand and poignant is this lovely melody, drooping like a willow under its load of grief. MAGGIE TAYTE as *Belinda*, EDITH COATES as the *Sorceress*, POWELL LLOYD as the *Sailor* and THOMAS HEMELEY as *Aeneas* do all that is required of them; while MURRAY DICKIE is a pardonably apprehensive *Attendant Spirit*, clutching



tight the ropes of the trapeze on which he is suspended in mid-air while he melodiously admonishes *Aeneas* to abandon *Dido* forthwith.

The production is a joy. The dresses are Grecian, of beautiful materials and glowing colours, *Dido* herself being arrayed in stately draperies of blue and gold. The small chorus, handled with great skill, takes the active part in the drama that it was intended to do.

Among the many graceful touches which bring the performance so vividly to life is the unpacking of the basket of fruits and wine to regale the royal lovers in the hunting episode, and its hasty repacking as the storm approaches. Another is the stroke of imaginative genius which directed that, after *Dido* has expired, *Cupid* looking down from above shall break his bow in two for grief.

The big world outside London will be glad to hear that the Mermaid Theatre is portable, and can be taken down and rebuilt in twenty-four hours. D. C. B.

LONDON once more possesses an Elizabethan theatre. This new and charming descendant of the famous Globe and Swan of Merrie England is named the Mermaid, and is situated in a garden in St. John's Wood. Those responsible for her installation claim no more than that the Mermaid "is certainly a stage on which Elizabethan actors would have felt at home." Perhaps they are wise to pitch their claim so modestly; for there are some aspects of the playhouses of Elizabethan days which no one would wish to reproduce. A theatre open to the sky, for instance, would not appeal to a present-day playgoer as a place of resort on a December afternoon. The Mermaid of St. John's Wood, however, makes the best of all worlds. There is an Elizabethan apron stage stretching to the centre of the theatre, with a curtained inner stage and a musicians' gallery supported on gaily-painted pillars. There is also a roof painted with golden stars and the signs of the Zodiac; and cushioned benches which were salvaged from the ruins of a bombed Methodist chapel.

There is no doubt that a work such as PURCELL's opera *Dido and Aeneas* gains tremendously from the intimate atmosphere of a theatre of this kind. In addition, the production at the Mermaid is as gem-like as the theatre itself and KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, no less, is there in fulfilment of a promise to sing the rôle of *Dido*.

This is the third production of *Dido and Aeneas* we have had in London this year, and by far the most enjoyable. It is also the first to include the original Prologue, the

RECITAL: "ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS"

NE love have I for Daphnis no for Chloe;
I fynde the woodland Breezes somewhat blowie.
Clorinda comes my waye, but poutes in vayne;
Swete love is al, but al is English rayne.

In woodes that knew the Beautie of your walko,
My Sweetynge, more obnoxious Creatures stalke,
And I, be-muddyd and benefte of Ry.me,
Bid ye good-daye. See ye some other Tyme.



"On the other hand, I hardly feel that being sorry for you is a sufficiently solid foundation for a happy marriage."

EIGHTEEN YEARS ELAPSE . . .

"MR. JOHNSON, Dr. Goldsmith, and I supped together at the Mitre . . . He (Johnson) said that Campbell who wrote the *Lives of the Admirals* is a man of much knowledge and a very good share of imagination; and he told us a diverting enough anecdote, that his wife was a printer's devil (as the cant word is), and when she used to bring him the proof-sheets, he fell in love with her and married her." (Boswell's *London Journal*. Entry dated July 1 1763.)

"Talking of a very respectable author, he (Johnson) told us of a curious circumstance in his life, which was that he had married a printer's devil." (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Excerpt dated April 20 1781.)

Here is as pretty a literary riddle as ever I heard; which date are we to accept as authentic? Or was Johnson, grown garrulous with age, trying to repeat an old success? Did he suppose that, eighteen years having elapsed since he had last told the story, he might safely tell it again?

I suggest that Johnson was too practised a raconteur to try on any such thing, especially with Boswell listening. There is significance in the absence of any preamble such as "Stop me if you've heard it before," or "Boswell needn't listen, he knows this one." If Boswell had heard it before he would have wanted the others to know it, as any man would. He would have started to chuckle at Johnson's first words, nodding his head and murmuring "Yes, yes, married a printer's devil. I've always laughed at that one, but carry on, Johnson, it may be new to the others."

If, therefore, Johnson told it only once, how are we to explain the choice of dates? The skilled investigator will immediately turn to July 1 1763 in the *Life*. He will find it tallies with the *Journal* up to a point. Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell did indeed sup at the Mitre, and, the name of Dr. John Campbell, "the celebrated political and biographical writer," cropping up, Johnson certainly said very handsomely "Campbell is a man of much

knowledge, and has a good share of imagination." But there is no mention, even a passing one, of wives or printers' devils.

Some critics will maintain that Boswell, polishing and revising his *Journal* many years afterwards, borrowed the story from the *Life* to enliven a dull passage, and was compelled to enter it under a spurious date, the *Journal*, of course, ending in 1763. Others will argue that Boswell, slogging away at the *Life* with the *Journal* at his elbow, forgot to enter the incident at the proper time, and had to work it in later. Surely, however, he could have found an apt occasion earlier than one *eighteen years ahead* (a dinner at Mrs. Garrick's).

Let us examine April 20 1781 in the *Life* more closely. Does the paragraph fit snugly into the context, or does it strike us as an intruder? Boswell reports with obvious veracity that "The Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the

same settee with her." Whatever the true date, it seems pretty clear the Bishop and Miss More were there at the time, and Boswell does not mention their presence at the Mitre supper-party in 1763.

They may have asked him not to let anyone know they were there—it would have caused unpleasant talk in the see of Killaloe, and it might have led to pupils being removed from the boarding-school the More sisters ran at Bristol—but Hannah More at least was never much of a one for pubs. I think it unlikely you would ever have found her at the Mitre, even if the Bishop of Killaloe had taken her there. Anyway, she was only eighteen at the time, and the Mitre would probably have hesitated to serve her.

The investigator may well pause baffled. I must draw his attention to a curious point that may have escaped him. At Mrs. Garrick's, Johnson, doubtless from delicacy—the subjects of the anecdote may have been present—does not actually name the "very respectable author" who married a printer's devil. We only assume it to be the Campbell of whom he had gossiped so freely that long-ago night at the Mitre. But why should Campbell have been alone in marrying a printer's devil? Authors and printer's devils were much thrown together in those days, and what more likely than that some very respectable author, a warm admirer of Campbell's and fired by his master's example, should also have married one?

This, surely, is the definitive explanation. Johnson was not repeating himself—he was telling another story altogether. Boswell, sound craftsman that he was, knew what the critics would say if he included two such similar episodes in the *Life*, and he reluctantly cut the first one out of the Mitre scene, which was running over-length anyway. He consoled himself by using it up in his *Journal*.

The identity of the second author to marry a printer's devil we probably shall never know. It will remain one of the great literary mysteries of the eighteenth century.

COLIN HOWARD

COME-BACK

WHEN at breakfast I glance through the papers
A portrait I frequently find
Of a middle-aged screen-star whose capers
Once enchanted my teen-ageing mind.

O those dramas of greed and garrotting!
O those tangles of glamour and guile!
O the hours (when I should have been swotting)
That I spent in the thrall of that smile!

How I basked—through two "showings"
(consecutive)—

In its sweetness, seduction and sin!
Which is why I am now an Executive
When I ought to have been in Admin.

E. V. MILNER



"I've lost a gold bracelet, shaped like a snake, with a special safety clasp, nearly new, value over five pounds, and a small child aged two."

BOOKING OFFICE

Portrait Gallery

THE modern biographer, unlike his predecessors, is expected to show both what his subject was and what he did, and to relate the two. He has to be something of an historian and something of a psychologist, thus uniting two rather different types of mind. It is cheering to find how often the modern biographer does succeed in this. To-day biography is the most consistently successful department of literature, though not the easiest.

Miss Ione Leigh's *Castlereagh* has a subject who impressed his contemporaries by his glacial command of himself and of Europe, yet who ended by committing suicide—a subject, that is to say, whose life touches both diplomatic history and psychiatry. Miss Leigh has had access to some unpublished material in the Londonderry family archives and she has read a good many of the authorities; but she is not concerned so much to increase knowledge as to diffuse it. Her biography is aimed at the general reader, not the specialist, and it will give him a clear and readable outline. She tries hard to be fair; but her evident sympathies with Castlereagh make the hatred which he aroused seem inexplicable. Yet the public instinct saw in him the champion of reaction, and by comparing the political atmosphere of the seventeen-eighties with that of the eighteen-tens we can see how far the reaction had gone. The breakdown of the Treaty of Versailles,

based on the principles of nationalism, used to give a nostalgic lustre to the Treaty of Vienna; but even though Castlereagh dissociated England from the Holy Alliance, he supported at home a policy not much different from that pursued by the Tsar and Metternich abroad. Miss Leigh's treatment of his final breakdown makes too much of the distinction between private and public life. The form taken by his delusions could, perhaps, have been more closely related to the political action that preceded them.

Miss D. M. Stuart's *Daughter of England* is a life of Princess Charlotte that brings into general circulation the new material published by Professor Aspinall and others. It is a learned, racy, sensible book that makes Charlotte less of a sensitive pawn than Professor Renier did. She was a hoyden of character, with a good deal of both her father and her mother. The grotesque background of the Court is described with some vivid detail and both Charlotte's character and her political importance come through clearly. There is an interesting medical appendix on her death.

Mr. Julian Symonds' little book on *Charles Dickens*, in *The English Novelists Series*, holds the balance well between the extreme psychologizing of much modern Dickens criticism and the school whose main interest in him is sociological. Mr. Symonds is a sensible writer and recognizes that the most important thing about an artist is his work. He is very good on the part played by plot in the mechanics of Dickens' writing, so often ignored by critics and over-emphasized by the films, which tend to treat him as the Lambs treated Shakespeare. Like many modern readers, Mr. Symonds is out of sympathy with Dickens' humour, though at least he recognizes its existence. The neurotic element in it does not prevent its being funny, even if it is, like the *Ingoldsby Legends* at a different level, funny in a disturbing way. For some reason he quite mistakenly assumes that what he has to say will appeal mainly to readers under forty.

A new issue of the late Charles Williams' *James I*, with an introduction by Miss Dorothy Sayers, makes an interesting contrast with these other biographies. It is rather a biographical composition than a biography; the writer is a participant, throwing the illumination of an individual mind on the familiar. Though he traces the main steps of James' career, his real theme is the meeting of the Temporal and the Eternal in the leading British exponent of the Divine Right of Kings. Hence, it does not much matter that the bibliography is short and contains little that is recent. The narrative is swift and exciting, the comment rather tortured and elaborate. The chief weakness of the book is straining for effect. The style is sometimes gnomic and witty, sometimes so slovenly as to be unintelligible. Though the book will not suit historians or examination candidates, I can commend it to the "Common Reader," provided that he does not mind being occasionally infuriated in return for many flashes of insight and some thrilling episodes.

R. G. G. PRICE



"Let's go somewhere noisy
where we don't have to talk."

Collector's Titbit

Robert Bage was a Quaker paper-manufacturer of Staffordshire who died in 1801, having produced late in life six novels which won the praise of Walter Scott. The best of these is said to be *Hermesprong, Or Man As He Is Not*, now republished with an introduction by Mr. Vaughan Wilkins. It is an oddity that will certainly please those who like satire, and like it dry. Bage, who had evidently taken the French Revolution to heart, was an independent spirit much in advance of his time, and in *Hermesprong* he lashed its snobbery and love of privilege. The plot is very near to a Victorian melodrama. There is a horrid peer who maltreats his lovely daughter, and an arrogant person who abets him; both are brought satisfactorily low by a mysterious American who believes in strange heresies, such as the equality of women. But there is little Victorian about the writing, which is witty, detached, and agreeably malicious.

E. O. D. K.

Underground Movement

The technique of resistance invented by the English Catholics in their Elizabethan underworld has never been more happily, vividly and heroically exemplified than in the autobiography of *John Gerard*, which has just been delightfully re-translated and edited by Father Philip Caraman. Mr. Graham Greene's discerning Introduction points out how far we have receded from the Victorian heyday into an age not unlike Father Gerard's own, "the last era of a declining and gasping world." And the upheavals of the seminary priest's adventurous environment of 1564-1606 are the facsimile of a paratrooper's in an occupied country—apart from their spiritual motives and consequences. Rowed secretly ashore near Cromer, Father Gerard played the country gentleman—which by birth he was—and shepherded his scattered flock all over England. He was tortured, but escaped from the Tower; hiding-places and hairbreadth escapes were his customary portion. His innumerable converts included Penelope Rich, Walsingham's only child, who was Sidney's widow and Essex's. And he out-weathered his perils and died in Rome.

H. P. E.

Turkey at the Crossroads

No modern dictator better served his country than did Mustafa Kemal, whom Turks for generations to come will admiringly remember as Atatürk—"Father of the Turks." If Turkey now stands at the *Turkish Crossroads* largely foreseen by Atatürk, it is because her present dilemma arises out of her geographical situation rather than out of her political and economic condition. Mr. Bernard Newman travelled widely and discerningly throughout Turkey, and describes what he saw of life on that ancient highway between West and East with a practised pen and a keen eye for picturesque or humorous happenings. He does not ignore the

harsher aspects of Turkish life—life can be grim indeed for many Turks—and sympathetically explains the economic and political background to the Turkish problem. Which way will Turkey now turn? East or West? Mr. Newman is confident she will be "a worthy partner with the democracies of the West."

I. F. D. M.

Merchantmen under Arms

Both in peace and war the P. and O. service has inherited much of the tradition of the old East India-man, a particular attention to those matters of seaman-like detail indicated by the phrase "Blackwall fashion," a respect for ceremony not to be found in most merchant vessels (as exemplified in the unwritten law which required the company assembled for dinner to rise when the Commander entered and remain standing until he was seated), and, last but not least, an ability to rise to the occasion in time of war, as in the days



"Do hurry with your sketching, Roger.
I think we're attracting attention."

when Sir Nathaniel Dance gained a knighthood and a sword of honour for his successful action with Linois' formidable French squadron. Mr. George F. Kerr, in *Business in Great Waters*, a record of the P. and O. fleet from 1939 to 1945, displays to the full the continuance of the Dance tradition, ranging as it does from the "Rawalpindi," sinking with her last gun firing after hopelessly engaging a far superior opponent, to the little coaster "Redcar," which rendered yeoman service at the Normandy beach-heads, and survived to be the first Allied merchant ship to enter the port of Antwerp. The exploits and the fate of the small cargo ships passed for the most part unnoted in the press of great events and the secrecy of modern war. What those who served in them endured may be learned from the account Mr. Kerr gives in the chapter "Abandon Ship" of the sufferings of the survivors of the "Soudan," "Shillong" and "Nagpore."

C. F. S.

Senlin Walks Again

Senlin, tying his tie before a mirror in the presence of the universe, is still Conrad Aiken's inspiration. *Skylight One*, like earlier collections of Mr. Aiken's poems, draws much of its effect from blending the intimate and the immense. Yet one gets no sense of mere clever jugglery with words; "the cicada's little helicopter" and "morning . . . blue as a child's globe on which no map has been drawn" seem to spring naturally and spontaneously from the poet's thought and the normal flow of what he has to communicate. Born in Georgia, holding the chair of poetry at the Library of Congress, now resident on Cape Cod, Mr. Aiken makes his flights from a secure continental base; he knows that he comes from somewhere and has somewhere to return to; this gives to his rich imagery and delicate fancy a fundamental certainty and solidity; it reassures one that a lost soul is not requisite for either writing or appreciating contemporary poetry.

HH

No Man will be a Sailor . . .

Every man thinks meanly of himself, Dr. Johnson told us, for not having been at sea; for which reason alone a story about the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, has an advantage over the ordinary school story.



Moreover, ordinary school stories, serious ones anyway, are commonly the febrile first-fruits of precocious talents, whereas John Lodwick's *The Cradle of Neptune* is a mature novel, primed with humanity and wit and informed throughout with a deep affection for Naval tradition and understanding of what it means. His hero, the intractable Cadet Roffey, so vividly presented in his determination, at whatever cost, to avoid continuing in the Navy, commands an actual personal sympathy that is almost painful; indeed, all the characters—boys, officers and masters—are drawn with singular realism and insight into their several problems. This is a book for everyone who is interested in the Royal Navy, or in boys, or simply in a very good novel.

B. A. Y.

Gracious Living

Southill: A Regency House is a beautifully-printed quarto with ninety plates which allow effective study of detail. Samuel Whitbread, founder of the famous brewing dynasty, bought the house from the Byng family in 1795, dying the next year. His son, brilliant exemplar of the new middle-class "aristocracy," wealthy and cultured, employed Henry Holland to re-plan the house and control the furnishing and decoration—thus giving it a unity which is as rare as it is aesthetically satisfying. Rarer still the resolute refusal of the family to make changes to accord with trends and fads of fashion; so that we have a museum piece—if that term be not understood to exclude the warmth of gracious living—from a peak period of architectural achievement. Professor Richardson's essay on the building plan and detail and on Holland's artistic origins, sources of inspiration and constructive ability is solid instruction on the noblest of the practical arts. Mr. J. F. B. Watson's documented account of the furniture and decoration is equally valuable.

J. P. T.

Books Reviewed Above

- Castlecreagh*. Ione Leigh. (Collins, 21/-)
Daughter of England. Dorothy Margaret Stuart. (Macmillan, 21/-)
Charles Dickens. Julian Symonds. (Arthur Barker, 7/6)
James I. Charles Williams. (Arthur Barker, 10/6)
Hermesprong, Or Man As He Is Not. Robert Bage. Introduction by Vaughan Wilkins. (Turnstile Press, 10/6)
John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan. Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. (Longmans, 18/-)
Turkish Crossroads. Bernard Newman. (Hale, 18/-)
Business in Great Waters. George F. Kerr. (Faber, 12/6)
Skylight One. Conrad Aiken. (Lehmann, 7/6)
The Cradle of Neptune. John Lodwick. (Heinemann, 10/6)
Southill: A Regency House. Introduction by Maj. S. Whitbread. (Faber, 25/-)

Other Recommended Books

- Rosie Hogarth*. Alexander Baron. (Cape, 10/6) Mr. Baron describes post-war Londoners with the same grave clarity with which he described the Army in "There's No Home." Plot rather melodramatic; but characters and milieu lifelike.
Operation Pax. Michael Innes. (Collins, 10/6) Wild adventures in the Oxford region, ending with high jinks in the vaults of the Bodleian. Nameless horrors. Guns and hypodermics. High spirits and Miltonic quotations. Innes for implausible ingenuity.

BI-LATERAL TALKS

HIS ignorance of English was equalled by my innocence of French. His determination to understand the English character was matched by my resolution that he should not go unenlightened.

In his hand he held a copy of an English magazine. He showed it to me, en faisant mine of inquiry.

"Pinsh—quoi?" he suggested.

"Mais non," I replied. "Punch."

"Pernsch!"

"Coup de poing," I explained, throwing myself into a posture of defence, et faisant mine de boxe.

He made the air startled but resolute.

"C'est plein de jests," I went on, "de blagues, de l'humeur, de l'esprit, de bons mots, des illustrations très, très amusantes—"

"Donc alors," he said, with the air uncomprehending.

"Écoutez donc," I said, launching myself upon unknown seas, "voici un jest de Coup de Poing. Il y a une fois un curé—you know, curate!"

He nodded intelligently.

"Ce curé avait un œuf. Chez son bishop, vous comprenez?"

"Bishop!"

"Un bishop—un clergique de la plus haute importance. Comme en le jeu de chess."

"Shess?"

"Un jeu pour deux—" a horrid pitfall yawned before me. I skirted it, and said firmly: "Alors. Le bishop dit au curé: M'sieur Jones, je pense que vous avez un œuf mal! Mais non, je vous assure, monseigneur, dit le curé, quelques parts de mon œuf sont excellentes."

After a painful silence, he said: "Pourquoi—le curé—he say this?"

"Parceque," I said, "parcequ'il est chez son bishop."

"The egg of this bishop, he is not bad, no?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "he's bad. Il est mal, all right."

It was apparent that this hitherto unsuspected leaning of the Anglican clergy towards deceit was shocking him. Moreover, he clearly regarded me as a rabid anti-clericalist.

"Mais—le curé—he say, not at all bad!"

"Not all bad."

He brushed this aside as a piece of unworthy casuistry.

"Not bad. Mais—the egg—he is bad. No!"

"Le curé," I explained, "avait l'espoir d'un morceau de préférence, n'est ce pas? Et il ne desirait pas enrager son bishop."

There is no doubt that Trollope should be required reading in French schools.

The ethics of the matter were plainly more important than its comic possibilities.

"So," he said severely, "this. It is to laugh!"

"Rire," I said. "Yes. Oui."

He saw no cause for levity in these abominable revelations. However, after a pause, he said:

"Nous autres français, we have also the books to laugh. You read *Le Canard Enchaîné*?"

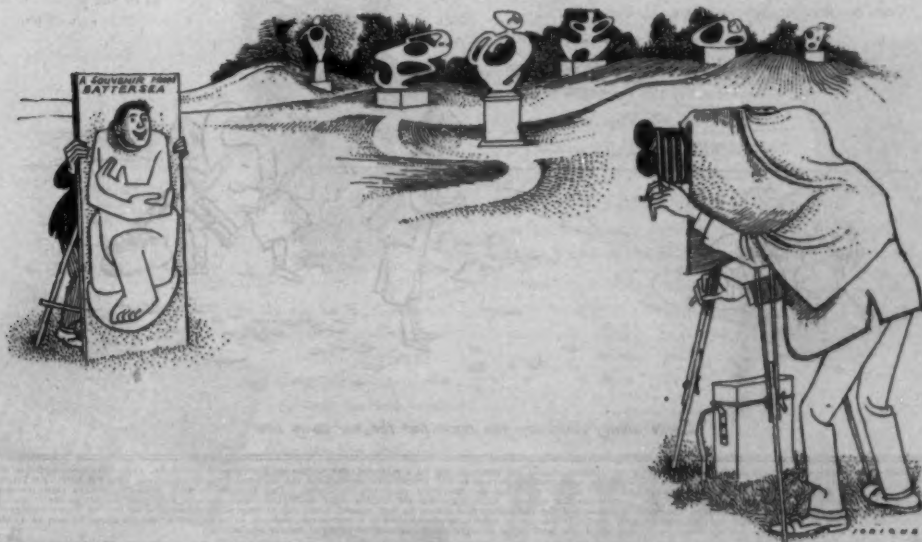
"I've heard of it," I said. "The Duck in Chains."

"Mais non!" he cried, his eyes glittering with the lust to impart knowledge. "Mais non! Pas du tout!"

It was his turn.

"Expliquez-moi, je vous en prie," I said, resignedly.

After all, what is the Entente for, if not to ensure a proper spirit of give and take?



JOURNEY BY BUS

THE woman considered the plan of campaign. "I don't think we'll wait for a fifteen. We'll get a five. We can get off at the town hall, and get another one on from there."

"All right," the man said.

The woman reflected. "I don't know, though. It's a nuisance changing. And the fifteen takes you all the way."

The man agreed. "A fifteen would be better."

The woman elaborated. "Or a three would take us as far as the town hall."

"Yes."

"And if we walked along to the bottom of George Street we could pick up a four."

The man acknowledged "We could."

"It doesn't have to be to the town hall. We could get a six to

the station, and get off at the clock tower."

"Or a nineteen."

"Or," the woman propounded, "a one. We could go as far as the electric showrooms, then a trolley bus."

"Yes, that's another thing we could do."

"That's a thirty-eight," the woman specified for good measure, and added "or a forty-two. Of course, there's something else you've got to think of," she continued. "That's the fare. They don't do a return to the town hall."

"Nor to the clock tower."

"Nor to the electric showrooms." She introduced an additional complication. "And there's coming home."

"Coming home." The man made a mental note of the difficulty.

"You know what it is," the woman explained, "late at night."

If he did not, the man pretended that he did.

"Well that's that, then," the woman completed the appreciation. "We'll get a return on the fifteen, and no changing coming home."

The man welcomed the final solution of the problem. "Well, that's settled then," he concluded. "A fifteen."

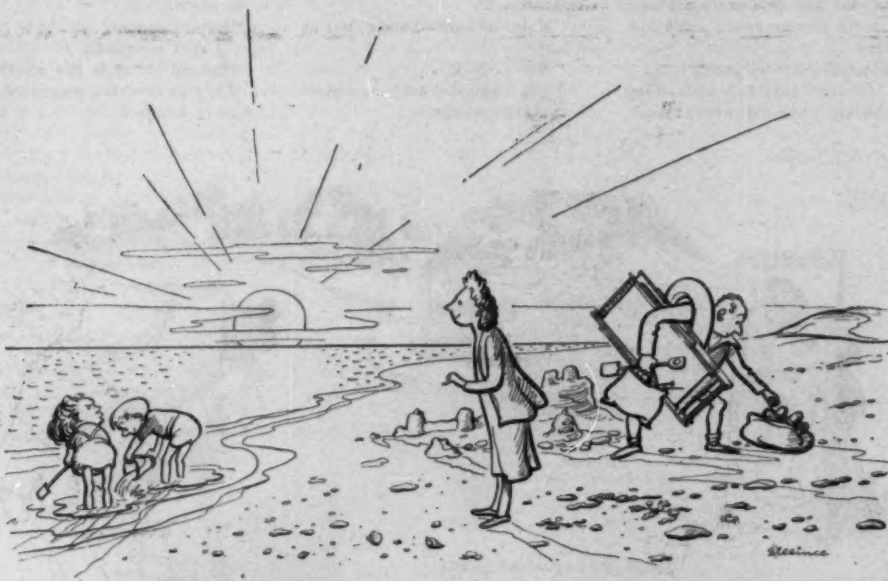
"It was a fifteen, if you remember," the woman reminded him, "that I said first of all, when we decided to go."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

Truth in Advertising

"ASAHI BEER"

You try it once! You will never want another beer.—Advt. in "Bangkok Post"



"Come along, children—you must pass the sea away now!"

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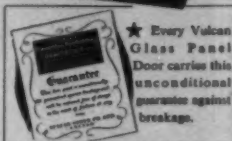
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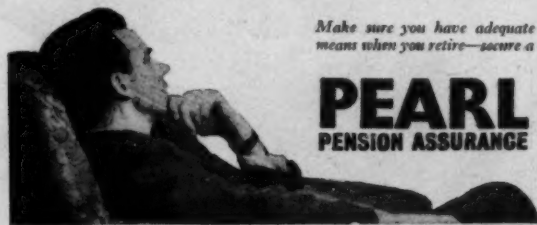
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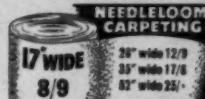
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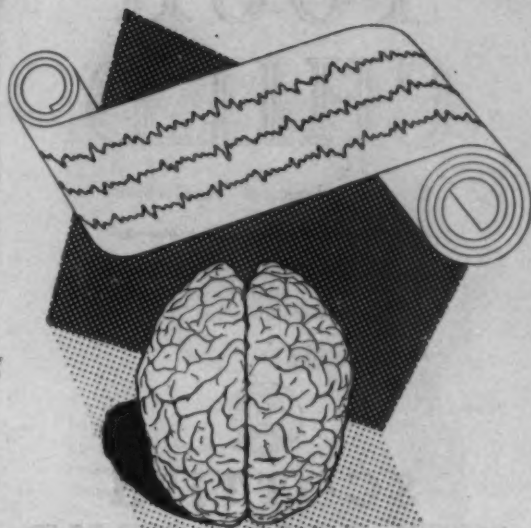
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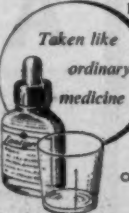
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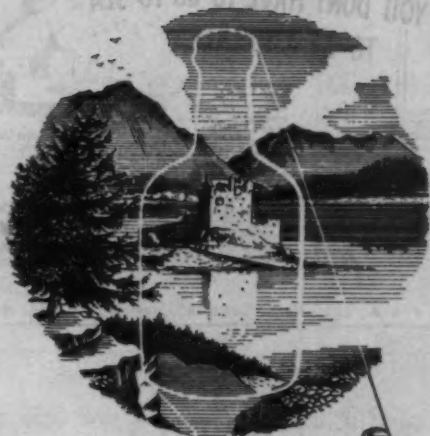
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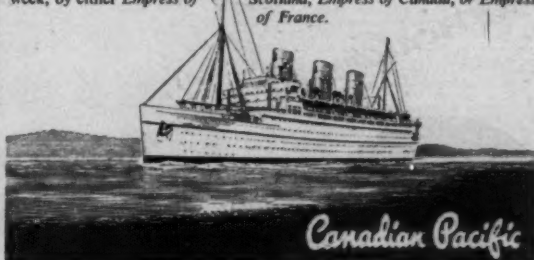
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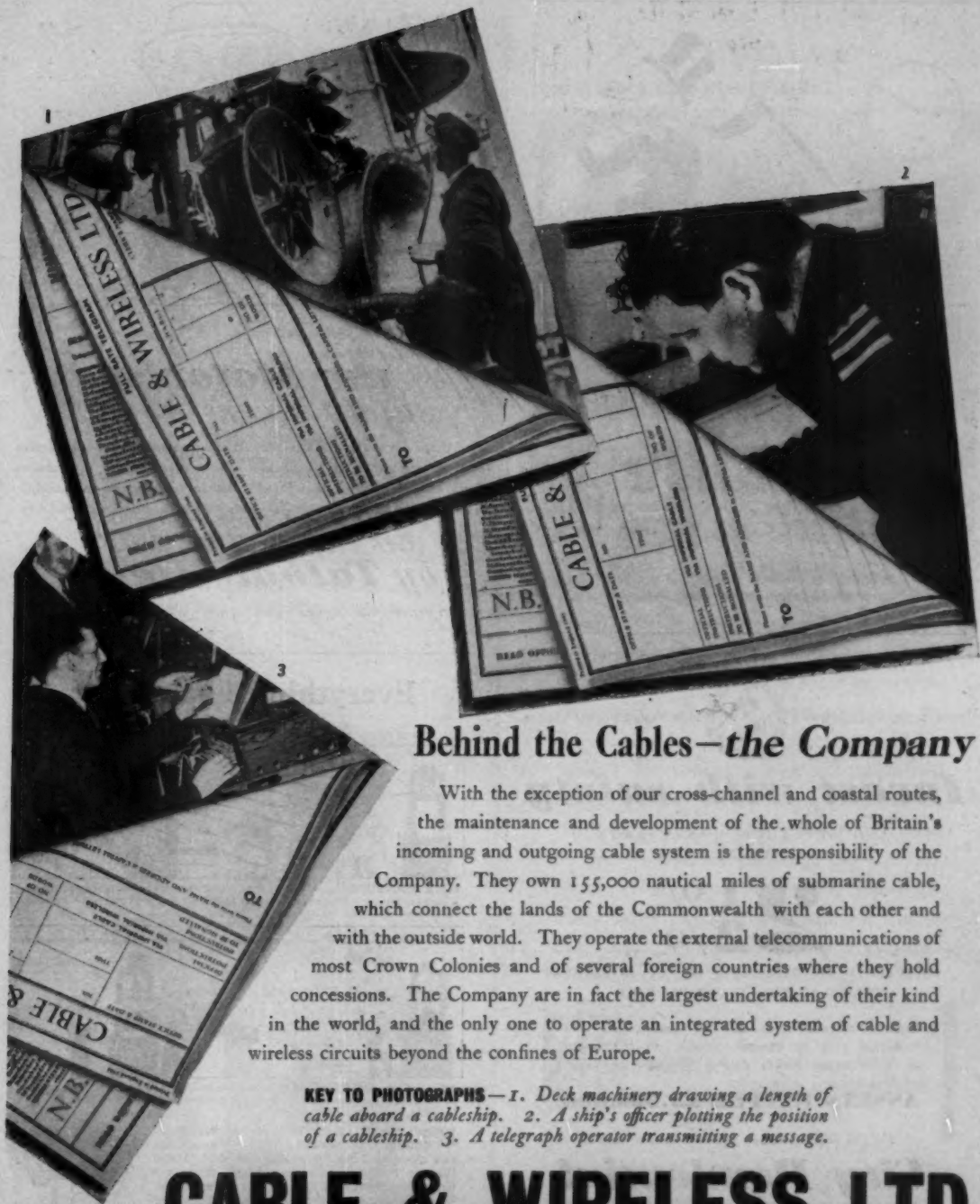


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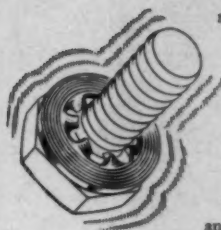
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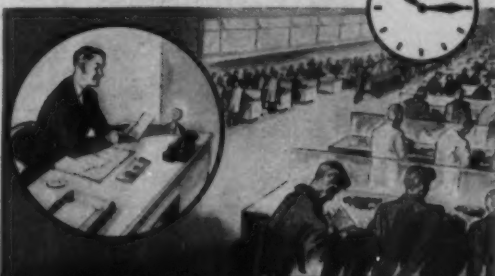
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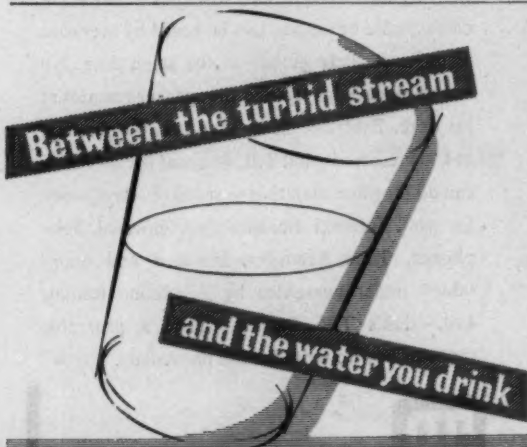
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consider

how difficult
it is



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stop...

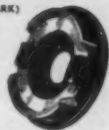


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